MADE A MONSTER

A SPLATTERPUNK NOVEL

ROB NELSON

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For the kids who are bullied, beaten and abused. Never give up.
Life is worth it. You are worth it.

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WARNING!

THIS BOOK CONTAINS DEPICTIONS OF EXTREME VIOLENCE AND SEXUAL CONTENT. IT IS A WORK OF FICTION AND IS NOT INTENDED FOR THE EASILY OFFENDED.
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FOR A FULL LIST OF TRIGGERS, PLEASE SCAN THE QR CODE.

"IN SPLATTERPUNK, THE VIOLENCE MUST HAVE A POINT (BE IT SOCIAL, POLITICAL, SPIRITUAL, OR WHATEVER YOU HAVE RESTING ON YOUR HEART THAT YOU WANT THE READER TO THINK ABOUT MORE DEEPLY). IN EXTREME HORROR, VIOLENCE IS THE POINT. FULL STOP.

- Judith Sonnet, Author of The Home

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CHAPTER 1

Adrian awoke to the sound of his father stomping down the hallway. The footsteps came to a halt outside his door. He knew what was coming, the only time anyone got to sleep in this house was when the old drunk was passed out himself. The doorknob rattled like it was being checked. Adrian always locked it, there was no telling when one of his old man's tirades would lead him into this room.

He heard three pounds against his door.

"Wake up!"

He figured if he didn't say a word, maybe he'd be off scot-free but the sounds of splintering wood crashing back against itself into his wall told him that idea was a crock of shit. In three strides his father was upon him. The stink of rotting teeth and whisky with a hint of body odor was potent in the air and intensified when the unwashed drunken lunatic leaned down to yell directly into his ear.

"I said get the fuck up, you useless little faggot!"

Adrian stiffened at the words. He could remember a time when the mornings were good, when his father was kind and coaxed him awake gently for a Saturday filled with cartoons and playing catch in the backyard. No more were the days of fun in the sun. Every day was a shit storm of varying degrees and any moment had potential to become a violent outburst.

He was suddenly aware of how vulnerable he was. Lying in the fetal position facing away from the door was a mistake. Chills ran down his

spine. The early Saturday morning ass-whooping was not uncommon. Surprised, he heard footsteps receding back towards the ruined doorway.

"Get up! And fix this fucking door."

When his beloved father was far enough away, Adrian rolled over. The door was destroyed. Not only was it in literal pieces all over his bedroom, his father's seemingly random outburst had resulted in the frame being halfway torn from the wall. Not a fucking shot he was going to fix this door anytime soon. He'd gained some skills by fixing things around the house that his father broke, but he needed a whole new door and some other materials to reframe it.

Deciding to avoid causing further temper tantrums, Adrian climbed out of bed. He leaned forward and stretched his fingers towards his toes. For the past few years he'd been working out daily. He packed on some solid muscle in that time and carried a formidable stature, all in an attempt to dissuade people from fucking with him. It didn't work. He was his father's favorite punching bag and was the target of a few goons at school who apparently got their insult inspiration from Chris Myers himself.

Despite being on the receiving end of vicious beatings at home that often got doubled at school, Adrian Myers was not much of a fighter. He wasn't against violence but instead took his anger and sadness out on rats that he had trapped in the woods. What started as a rather harmless attempt at taxidermy quickly devolved into a grotesque mockery of the artform.

Adrian had learned about taxidermy when he was seven years old from his mother. He was admiring the buck’s head that was mounted on the living room wall when she sat down by him and asked him if it had made him sad. He shook his head “no” in response. He studied it for a while then asked her why it looked so real. She explained that some people preserved their kills as a sort of trophy, a reminder of their success. His father had killed that buck a year prior, before the accident. Before he changed and became angry and cruel. Before he smelled bad all the time and got sick a lot.

His first few attempts were miserable failures. He had cut off the heads of dead animals he found along the road or in the woods behind his house. Using rusty nails and a hammer, he nailed the heads to some 2x4’s he’d found behind the shed and proudly showed his mother. She screamed and cried hysterically, telling him to throw them away and to wash his hands. His father took one look at what he had created and huffed his disapproval

while cracking open another beer, telling his wife to shut up, the game was on.

When his young mind was unable to comprehend how to preserve the subjects of his creations, he was devastated. After failing multiple times to create beautiful displays, his anger turned his outlook on taxidermy sour. Instead of trying to preserve the creatures he'd put into poses or sewn silly hats onto, he'd simply let them rot. He'd grown an affinity for the macabre at a young age that turned disturbed and depraved as puberty struck.

Adrian crossed his bedroom, doing his best to avoid the splintered wood that covered the floor as he made his way to the dresser. He pulled the top drawer open and grabbed the first shirt on the stack, it was a deathcore band shirt. The logo was indecipherable but Adrian liked the design and the graphics that ran down the sleeves. After pulling on his pants, he laced up a pair of black Vans. He walked by the mirror and flipped himself off as he passed.

Lets fuck this pig.

Adrian pulled his phone out and swiped up on the screen then looked into the camera to unlock it. He scrolled his Instagram feed which was full of artists, musicians, and authors as opposed to friends or classmates. He had no friends. After his dad lost his court case and turned to booze and drugs, kids stopped coming over to play. He quickly became an outcast. His mother passed him in the hallway going towards her bedroom. She told him good morning but when he looked up she was already gone, and her door was closing.

In the kitchen, he grabbed a bowl from the cupboard and emptied the remnants of the box of Captain Crunch into it.

Nearly empty. Just my fucking luck.

He topped the cereal with some milk that was a few days past the expiration date but still smelled fine. He made sure to rinse it out and put it in the proper bin beneath the sink to avoid a potentially nuclear level freak out over it later from his father.

Every waking moment was torment for Adrian, at home or otherwise. While at home, every sound had him on edge, this morning it was the football game accompanied by his now verifiably drunk dad yelling at the TV.

"No! Don't pass the ball to *him* you fucking moron! How the fuck are you paid so much to make such shit plays?"

Chris had an endless list of addictions, from drugs and alcohol to sports betting and gambling. It was no secret that prostitutes were also on the list, but he denied this vehemently to his wife who very clearly no longer gave a shit. In the beginning, Nancy Myers did all she could to help keep her husband happy and taken care of. She accepted now that he was long gone but refused to give up on herself. She worked hard at maintaining her physical appearance. She put up with her husband’s bullshit for one reason and one reason only. She was there to protect her son.

Nancy was not off limits when it came to the abuse but Chris also understood he couldn't cover the woman in bruises and not raise suspicions. She was a traveling nurse and made incredible money. He tormented her in ways that didn't involve striking her. Often opting for verbal abuse and making messes or destroying things so she would have to clean them up. When he wasn't getting milked by a prostitute while she was out of town, he would often force himself upon her claiming it was her wifely duty to please him. Spousal rape was not in his vocabulary.

"Hey!" Chris shouted from his reclined throne in the living room, "Quit being a lazy little twink and grab me a fuckin' beer."

If anything else, the abusive nicknames his father assigned were sort of funny. He may have once been a clever man but his vices had transformed him into a decaying shell of who he used to be. Adrian heard much worse from Tommy and Devin at school. Still, he couldn't knock the old man for sticking with the classics. Being called slurs like fag, twink, queer, retard, homo, and so on used to hurt terribly but he quickly learned to not give a fuck. Before Chris withered away to a sad pile of drunken shit, he was actually a decent father. After the accident, the line of good father and total asshole began to blend before he went off the deep end. The verbal abuse and homophobic slurs started up when Adrian struggled to learn to dribble a basketball properly. Instead of spending more than a few minutes with his kid, Chris resorted to assuming he was gay and therefore was unworthy of further efforts.

Adrian was certainly afraid of his father's wrath, but being a rebellious teenager meant he would also push buttons and act out whenever given the opportunity. He went over to the refrigerator and looked around. Aside from some leftover Chinese food and bottles of condiments, there wasn't a can or bottle of alcohol in sight.

"No dice, fridge is empty. Guess you gotta stumble on down to the gas station." *Or maybe jump in that truck and go hug a tree at eighty miles per hour you fucking slob.*

"Guess I gotta come in there and kick your fuckin' teeth in you little shit."

Adrian heard the groan of springs from the chair's frame as his father pulled the lever to reset it and stand up. Knowing he meant to back up the threat, Adrian went rigid. The years he had spent lifting and building muscle were intended to give him confidence to stand up to his old man. But time and time again, when the devil approached, he transformed back into the terrified boy that still hid deep within. He could hear the footsteps come closer and decided that it was now or never. His dad was drunk and pissed off, he could probably take him if it came to blows. He didn't raise his hands but took a defiant stance, ready for whatever was going to cross the threshold.

When his father entered the kitchen, there was a rotten grin plastered on his stupid puffy face. For a moment, Adrian felt himself falter.

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In a rush, the memory of the first time his abuse had gone too far assaulted his mind. He was ten years old again, a large hand was pressed against the back of his head as he struggled to breathe through the pillows. The wretched stink of sweat, alcohol, and rotting breath assaulted his senses with every inhale. He was screaming for his mother, begging for it to stop. He didn't know what he'd done that pissed his father off so badly but he was starting to realize there never really needed to be a reason anymore. He felt his underwear being pulled down, he anticipated the spanking.

"Mommy isn't home you dumb little faggot, scream for her all you want." The sneered words were badly slurred and etched themselves into his mind forever.

The first time he felt the cool wooden broom handle slam into the bare skin of his ass, he yelped. It cracked like a whip. He could already feel the skin rise. He heard the whoosh before another snap as the handle came into contact with his skin again, this time splitting it open into an angry gash causing blood to run down the backs of his legs. He didn't scream this time, he only cried into the pillows that were threatening to stop his breathing. His young mind was not equipped to handle what happened next. His heart

sank into his gut when he felt the hot spit run down between his cheeks. He began to tremble violently as the handle, now slick with his blood was used to gather more of the crimson liquid.

"If you tell your mother I'll fucking kill you both."

The rounded off tip of the broom handle was pressed against his asshole. He blacked out when pain exploded through his body as it entered him. The last thing he registered before his world went dark was the pungent stench of shit mixed with blood filling the room and the horrific slur-filled insults his father was yelling as he was sodomized for the first time.

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Chris was clearly hammered. The room began to stink like a seedy bar upon his entry. He stumbled and his eyes were glazed over but even so, he was massive. Under the impressive beer gut, mop of unkempt greasy hair and pimples, was a man who had spent most of his life doing hard labor. His strength had remained freakish even since letting himself go. Regardless, this fight was happening and Adrian was going to stand up for himself. If things didn't go his way, it wasn't like anything could surpass the horrors he had already endured aside from death. Adrian was fully prepared to die.

Adrian assessed the vile creature before him with pure revulsion. The realization that this was about to be far from a fair fight brought a wicked grin to his lips.

"The fuck you lookin at me like that for, boy?" Chris growled. "I told you to grab me a fuckin beer, you too fuckin stupid to know how to do that?"

"Goddamn it must be tough to be as fucking stupid as you" Adrian retorted, laughing openly.

Chris scrunched his face up in anger, trying to figure out what the fuck Adrian was talking about. When he remembered, he gave his son a cross-eyed stare filled with malice.

"That's right," He reached over to the knife block and wrapped his fat sausage-like fingers around the handle of the large chef knife, "I was coming in here to teach you a lesson about talking back to your elders."

Adrian hadn't anticipated the knife, but was too far in the weeds to back down now.

"Teach me then you fat fuckin' pig!"

Chris roared in response and swiped everything off the countertop, sending pots and pans crashing to the floor. He stumbled around the counter and lost his balance, slamming his shoulder into the wall, using it to stay upright.

"Leave him the fuck alone!"

Adrian looked over his shoulder and saw his mother charging down the hallway. Her mascara had been running and an angry purple welt was forming around her right eye. Understanding dawned on him as he realized his pile of shit father had crossed another line and actually struck his mother.

"I already dealt with you once today, bitch. How's about you shut the fuck up and go get me some beers like a good goddamned wife before I give you another shiner."

Before Adrian grasped what was going on, his mother was in her husband’s face. She smacked the drunk across his face, momentarily shocking him. Nobody had stood up to Chris Myers before. In a flash his hand was around his wife's throat. Adrian lunged forward to involve himself but Nancy wasn't going down without a fight. She brought her foot up into the behemoth's crotch. When he doubled over in pain, Nancy grabbed each side of his head and brought her knee up into his face with incredible speed. The sickening crunch that accompanied the assault was accentuated by an explosion of blood that spattered around the room.

Chris reared like a bull, the alcohol in his system dulled his senses and allowed him to forego the pain momentarily. He grabbed his wife by the back of her neck with his left hand while bringing the knife up into her gut with his right. The wet sound echoed in Adrian's ears, his vision blurred as tears filled his eyes.

Nancy screamed and dragged the points of her manicured nails across her husband's face, raking them through his shattered nose and opening up thin superficial scratches from the top of his left eye down to his right cheek. He pulled the knife out and drove it back in. With a shudder she fell into him. She screamed in his ear before sinking her teeth into it and wrenching her head back. The rubbery piece of meat made a tearing sound like Velcro. Blood sprayed from the fresh wound. Nancy ignored the third stab to her gut as she planted her hands into Chris's cheeks. Wrapping her thin skeletal fingers tightly around his skull, she drove her thumbs into the sockets of his

eyes. Her screaming was drowned out by his own. Blood and ocular fluid coalesced as it pushed past her thumbs and ran down his face.

Chris pulled back and slammed the knife into his wife for a fourth time, this time with so much force that his entire hand followed the blade inside. The metal bit into bone and was stuck. Frothy blood ran from her mouth as she continued to scream, driving her thumbs deeper into his skull. Instead of fighting her off of him, he wrapped his hand around whatever viscera he could and pulled it free from the cavernous stab wound he'd created. Ropes of her intestines plopped to the floor. Chris's face began to twitch when Nancy spasmed, her thumbs digging around in his eyes had caused her to scramble his prefrontal cortex.

Adrian's parents collapsed together to the floor. They writhed in each other's bodily fluids. His mother continued to scream as the man she once loved stopped moving and fell silent. Snapping out of his fear, Adrian rushed over and held her. Her screams devolved into weak sobs. He could feel the life leaving her body.

In her final moments, Nancy placed her bloody hand on her son's face. She did her best to brush the tears away from his cheek, smiling somberly up at him.

"You d-deserved so much better you beautiful b-boy, I'm s-sor-" her final words were cut short as one final rattling breath took her from Adrian forever.

Adrian nuzzled into his mother's bloody neck and cried. He didn't know how long he cried for, his world had shattered around him. The next thing he remembered was being pulled away from her. Expecting his father, he struck out, landing a vicious blow across the police officer's chin. More hands grabbed at him and pulled him away, he fought against them but they quickly overpowered him.

***

Before she had rushed into the kitchen to save her baby boy, Nancy had finally gathered the courage to leave her shit bag of a husband. She would figure out a way to keep Adrian in school while she traveled for work or would find a hospital that would keep her on permanently. She was packing her bag and was planning to pack Adrian's when she heard the shouting.

"9-1-1, what is your emergency?”

A kind bubbly woman answered.

Nancy shook and fought to keep herself from crying as she explained that her husband was drunk and trying to fight her son. When Nancy heard the thunderous cacophony of pots and pans banging to the floor she yelped. Understanding the severity of the situation, the dispatcher assured Nancy that units were en route. Nancy hung up and ran down the hallway after being told to stay on the line.

***

Adrian looked around at the state of his kitchen. Nobody ever talked about how once the bodies were hauled off and the evidence was bagged up, the owner of the home had to conduct the cleanup. Like something out of an Evil Dead movie, blood covered every goddamn inch of the room.

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CHAPTER 2

Two Dead in Apparent Double Murder This Morning

Saturday October 31st, 2015.

Chris Myers (45) and wife Nancy Myers (40) were found dead in their home around 11:30 am Saturday morning. The cause of death is an apparent murder at the hands of the other. Chris appeared to have died from punctures through his eyes made by Nancy's thumbs. Nancy was found with multiple stab wounds. The murder weapon was recovered later at the coroner's office during her autopsy. Chris and Nancy are survived by their teen son, Adrian. "My dad was a monster. He deserved what he got. By all means, he's been dead to me for years. My mother reacted in self defense as he was trying to go through her to get to me. I'll miss her." *Story continued on page 3.*

Kendra flipped through to the rest of the article. She skimmed through the few final sentences. A quote from Detective Hoffman stood out to her.

"In my over twenty years as a detective in this town, I've never seen something so… violent. I don't know how that poor kid is able to still live in that house."

Kendra put the old newspaper down. She picked up her phone and opened the Internet browser to see if she could dig up more information on this horrific tragedy. Nothing. The local paper was the only one to cover this incredibly graphic murder. In such a small town, she had expected everyone would be buzzing about it, but apparently Chris and Nancy Myers had been dead to these people for far longer than just a few months.

The paper mentioned their son, Adrian. Other than his blunt quote about how shitty his dad was and what seemed to be a hollow emotional response to his mother's death, he wasn't mentioned further in the story. He had the response she figured she may have had to this sort of thing. Empty and completely devoid of emotion. He was another broken soul stuck living in this hellish nightmare of a world where atrocities beyond comprehension tend to go largely unnoticed. Kendra resonated with that.

“Get in the car, get in the car!” Dani came rushing around the corner from the hallway, stumbling as she struggled with slipping her gloss black heel on. She was wearing a very business bitch type of outfit. Black pencil skirt, white blouse buttoned to the top both covering and accentuating her large breasts. A black blazer matching the skirt was wrapped over her right arm, accompanied by an almost subtle black Louis Vuitton handbag. Her makeup was flawless upon her pale skin. She had used just enough to contour her cheek bones and accentuate her large blue eyes and had applied a dark maroon lipstick. Her long blonde hair was pulled into a tight bun. She gave off sexy secretary who fucks the CEO when his wife is out of town vibes. Typical Dani. Nobody could claim she was anything less than a ruthless go-getter.

“We’re gonna be late, come on! Is-is that what you’re wearing?”

Kendra felt the judgment radiate from her beautiful mother’s eyes. She crossed her arms. She was wearing a cropped black hoodie that had some illegible font running down the sleeves in bright red. The logo on her chest looked like a jagged mess of lines like highlighted blood splatter against an inky black abyss. The whisper of a black sports bra was just barely visible beneath when she lifted her arms. She wore tight black leggings that tucked into matte black combat boots. Her blonde hair was combed over like a scene girl from the early 2000’s. She wore simple makeup with no attempt whatsoever to hide the tattoo running from the back of her right ear down her neck, disappearing in the ruffles of her hood. Like her mother, she was naturally beautiful. She hated it.

“Yup.” She gave the unenthusiastic one-worded response as she shouldered her black backpack. She made a point to shoulder check the woman as she pushed past. A satisfied smirk found its way to her lips as she heard the muffled thud of her oh-so-perfect mother hit the floor. “God damnit!” she heard as she pressed play on her Spotify. Heavy guitar riffs

and blast beats drowned out the curses being hurled at her while she made her way into the garage.

*****

Kendra slammed the door of the Black Audi RS 7, tossing up a middle finger behind her to her mother who was trying to say what time to be ready for pickup. Kendra had no intention of riding home with that bitch, she'd rather walk the few miles home in a snowstorm than suffer more time with her precious mother whom everyone seemed to love. Everyone except her.

She walked down the hallway, studying the surroundings of this new place. New to her, anyway.

Kendra had done some Googling while on the car ride to their new town across the state from where she had grown up. It turns out this school was actually a repurposed multi-story prison. A new county jail had been erected 20 or so years ago and this monstrosity built in the 1800's ended up abandoned. Fast forward, the city purchased it and remodeled it. Cells were knocked out and new mechanical, plumbing and electrical was routed through the campus buildings. Lockers were built into the walls lining the outsides of classrooms. The old commissary was repurposed into a student store while the warden office and guards quarters were turned into the principal's office and faculty room. There was a dark and bleak mood that overshadowed this school, accented by the coastal fog that never seemed to dissipate in the late Autumn months.

Kendra rather enjoyed the aesthetic of this underwhelming place. It had an interesting backstory and really played into "school is a fucking prison" stereotype perpetuated by students with poor work ethics and no ambition. Unlike the majority of her peers, Kendra enjoyed school. She was far from nerdy, but she excelled in classes like Chemistry, Biology, Physics, and Math. She appreciated art, but was not interested in taking any classes on it. She figured if she was to ever manage getting the fuck away from the abysmal woman who calls herself a mother, she would need good grades and a high paying job.

Kendra dropped her bag on a bench, to fish out the paper that had her locker number and combination on it. She looked around to see if anyone was watching her. The new girl went completely unnoticed. Exactly how she liked to be. She extracted the paper and stuffed it into her pocket then fished around in her bag until her hand closed around a pack of cigarettes. Hitting the bottom of it on the opposite palm, Kendra thumbed out a cancer

stick and held it between her top teeth and lower lip. She fished her lighter out from a smaller front pocket and lit the cigarette. She inhaled deeply then pulled it away from her mouth with two fingers like a seasoned professional.

Kendra threw her bag back over her shoulder and pulled the paper back out to see what locker she was assigned. *Damn, so fucking close.* The numbers 667 stood out in bold black ink across the crumpled white paper with the combination 03-94-04 beneath it.

“Hey! You can’t smoke here!” The shrill mousy voice cut through Kendra’s thoughts like a razor blade through the soft throat of a wailing baby. Kendra turned, expecting a preppy girl dressed in bright colors who was trying to do too much in preparation for the student body government. Instead, her eyes met a tall, hollow-looking, bat of a woman.

Kendra drank in the appearance of the towering relic. She was at least 6’6” tall judging by the way she was able to spot Kendra over the lockers. As she approached, Kendra took note of the woman’s gaunt features. She looked as though someone attached a vacuum to her asshole and sucked all of this woman’s life and joy through the putrid orifice, leaving an empty husk of dried skin clinging tightly to the skeleton beneath.

Kendra dropped the cigarette and stomped it out as the woman approached.

“Sorry. New here.” Kendra gave no attempts at sounding remorseful.

“Ah, you must be Kendra. Yes. Well, seeing as you’re only seventeen, I believe you know full well that your smoking is not only forbidden on this campus, but is illegal as well.”

The paper-skinned, breathing corpse reached out her hand, palm side up. Her long, thin fingers were adorned with well manicured nails sporting a clear coat only. She was not a woman for frills or extravagance.

Kendra reached out and slapped the woman’s palm. “Apologies madam,” she said in a mocking voice. “but I must warn you now. With you, I am only capable of low-fives. I’m not much for jumping and you might be the tallest bitch I’ve ever seen.” She maintained locked eye contact.

A sinister smile crept across the woman’s face. “I fear I must admit, I had a hunch you’d be a bit of a handful.” She said in that shrill and annoying voice that Kendra had already decided she hated. “Now please, hand me those cigarettes and be on your way.”

Kendra scowled as she placed the pack of cigarettes in the woman’s palm. She turned on her heel and began to walk away.

“Oh, and Kendra?” *What now?* Kendra wheeled back around.

“Best give me that lighter as well, sweet girl. And instead of calling me bitch, please use my name, Ms. Kunst, when you address me in the future. I have the honor of being your principal after all, and respect is a two way street!”

Her wrinkly smile never made it up to her sunken eyes. Her sickly sweet voice carried an undertone of malice that did not go undetected. Kendra fished around in her bag and tossed the lighter at the woman’s feet.

“Sure thing, won't happen again!”

She did her best to match the false kindness in the old woman's voice while turning once again to walk away.

Whatever you say, Ms. Cunt.

She popped in her earbud and made for her new locker.

“Class, This is Kendra. She is new here. Let's give her a big Tiger welcome!”

Kendra looked around the classroom. A few students were paying attention and said “Welcome!” but the majority of Mr. Newton’s Algebra 2 class hardly stole a look at her before going back to their conversations about the debauchery of their weekends.

One student stood out to Kendra. He was not part of the overly cheerful welcoming committee, nor was he deep in meaningless conversation about getting drunk at the river bar or telling his buddies about the girl he fucked over the weekend. He sat there silently. Staring. Kendra could feel his eyes penetrating her soul. She recognized him from the photo in the newspaper. Without acknowledging her welcoming party, she left Mr. Newton hanging at the front of the class. His stupid jovial smile slipped from his face. She took the one open seat at the back of the class next to Adrian Myers.

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CHAPTER 3

Adrian tracked the new girl as she set her backpack down on the bench. When he watched her light a cigarette only to get caught within seconds by Ms. Kunst, who the students aptly nicknamed The Bat, he grinned. Something about her seemed different. He could sense something within her that he felt himself. Like a connection made between souls. He watched The Bat look around anxiously before thumbing out and lighting a confiscated cigarette.

Fucking hypocrite.

He turned and headed towards class.

He wasn't surprised when he watched the new girl walk into the room after everyone else had settled in. The buzzing of excited chatter was suffocating. He was thoroughly over the constantly retold stories of past escapades. The boys mostly talked about drinking and fucking, the girls talking about crushes and exes. None of this was important to Adrian.

He wondered how his classmates would react if he started recounting the things he had done over the weekend. How shocked would they be when he described in detail the way he could feel the squirrel's cold insides rupture as he stuffed his cock in as deep as it would go? How the poor creature's ribcage felt like it was ribbed for *his* pleasure. How he blew his thick hot cum right through the mouth of the squirrel, watching as it sprayed over the crowd of onlooking rats from his spot behind the curtain.

What.

A.

Show.

It was some of his better work. He had made a small theater stage, complete with curtains and small LED lights. The crowd was mostly rats. Their bulging dead eyes gave the impression of shock and awe in response to the show they had gathered to watch. He created tiny red solo cups and had strewn them around on the "floor" beneath the perverted rats' gnarled feet. In the back he had built an office, its window overlooking the theater space. Inside he placed a small leather recliner that had been stolen from a yard sale a few weeks ago. In the chair sat a fat possum, a mini cigar in his mouth, and its tiny paw on its crotch.

Adrian allowed the daydream to play in his head as he locked eyes with Kendra while the class welcomed her, thankful he had a desk to hide the fact that blood was rushing to his throbbing hard on. He watched her intently as she approached but kept his gaze forward as she made it past his periphery to take the seat next to him.

Adrian was intrigued by the new girl on the inside. On the outside, however, he sported his trademark stoic expression of deep uninterest.

His heart rate only increased as a primal reaction to the mounting buildup of ecstasy deep within his loins. He was lost in his own thoughts. He replayed the delicious memory of shooting his load through the mouth of the squirrel, like a fountain of explosive projectile vomit showering the crowd of rowdy rats at his deranged fuck show.

Adrian shuddered in his seat. A chill ran down his spine as he felt the sweet release of an orgasm rush through his body. Every nerve exploded with pleasure like fireworks on New Years. As he secretly climaxed, he could smell the sweetness of Kendra’s perfume. It was a welcomed new scent that he added to his mounting repertoire of perversions. It sure beat the smells of decay that the forest had to offer where he normally experienced such immense bouts of pleasure.

Without a word, he stood from his desk and walked to the bathroom. Mr. Newton never even noticed.

None of the teachers seemed to notice Adrian. In fact, it felt more like they actively ignored his presence altogether. It seemed nobody worried about what happened to him when he showed up late to class with a black eye, or had blood pouring from his nose like a broken faucet. To the faculty of this school, and to the majority of the adult population of this entire

fucking town, Adrian may as well have died when his parents killed each other right in front of him.

Adrian kicked the door to a stall open and undid his studded belt. He unzipped and spread the top of his jeans enough to reach into his underwear. He slid off the used condom and studied its contents.

So much cum.

He considered the filled condom for a moment then put the open end in his mouth and tipped his head back, holding the reservoir tip high with his left hand. The thick room temperature cum tasted like a salty mixture of spoiled yogurt and rubber. He dropped the condom into the still water of the toilet and kicked the flush. Before zipping back up, he rolled on a fresh condom. He could never be too careful, he was usually primed and ready to pop without a moment's notice.

He plopped back down into his seat next to Kendra and looked over at her. She was looking back. This girl was unlike anyone he had ever met before. Something in her eyes told him she had a laundry list of secrets just like him.

Adrian became uncomfortable. This strange girl looked at him like she knew him. Not the surface level type of knowing someone, but the "I know you have secrets" type of look. There was understanding in her eyes. There was pain. The only other time he had felt this exposed was when his mother came home after the incident with the broom. He never told, but he suspected she knew at the very least that something was so very wrong. There was a subtle difference in Kendra's eyes though. In lieu of pity or remorse, there was excitement.

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CHAPTER 4

Kendra wanted to think Adrian's behavior in first period was odd, but she figured it had something to do with how he watched his parents murder each other brutally a few feet in front of him. All the same, this boy was intriguing. All she knew about him was from the less than detailed news article, and that he apparently just left classrooms whenever he felt like it. And his eyes, the way he looked into her soul with his vibrant dead eyes, she knew he had demons. She wanted to know what he was hiding.

She wafted through the remainder of her classes before lunch. It was the same shit in every new room she entered. She'd stand at the front of the class with a bored expression plastered on her face. Students would give her the same half-assed welcome she'd received in first period. Then she would go sit at her desk and pretend to follow along with what was going on in the lecture, knowing full well not a fucking lick of it mattered. Her mind was running off thinking about Adrian.

Who was he really? What had led his parents to be so vicious towards each other? Was Adrian just as capable of violence as his father, who had buried a chef's knife in his own wife's gut? Was he willing to press his finger tips into someone's brains through their eye sockets to protect someone he loves?

Her locker was between her third and fourth period classrooms, so she decided to use the between period to swap out her books and snag her backup cigarettes for a quick smoke break in the girl's bathroom. She was so preoccupied with her thoughts about Adrian while she bobbed her head

to the ADTR song playing in her headphones, that she nearly walked off without noticing he was right beside her. She was nearly done in her own locker when she felt it shake as the person next to her slammed theirs shut. She was a little annoyed but didn't look over until she had closed her own. Adrian walked away into the ever-expanding sea of students.

Pocketing the emergency cigarette and lighter, she pulled out her folded up paper schedule and followed Adrian into the crowd. She was still learning the campus and took a few wrong turns but managed to make it to fourth period calculus just before the bell rang. She looked over at the board before checking out the class. The first one of the day to not be entirely full. Calculus was much less common of a class to take. "DERIVATIVES" was written on the board above a handful of simple quadratic equations. She listed each of the answers in her head taking the second and third derivatives until the only remaining answer was zero. She sighed, math was the only class she was excited for. She was bummed it wouldn't bring much of a challenge.

Another top tier introduction, another raucous response from her fellow classmates, it was a small wonder Kendra wasn't jumping out of her shoes with excitement.

As she made her way to the back of the class, her heart skipped a beat. Her shitty attitude dissolved at once. There was Adrian, sitting in the back corner. He stared out the large window, seemingly watching a murder of crows takeover a large tree just beyond the glass. They were squawking madly at Adrian through the glass.

What the fuck?

"Alright guys, we're going over derivatives today. I want everyone to pair up and work together, I know that these can be a little bit confusing at first."

Mr. Whatever, Who Cares began naming students to pair up. He completely skipped Adrian and panicked when he couldn't figure out who to pair Kendra with.

"It's alright, I can pair up with him." Kendra said, pointing her thumb over at Adrian who was still focused on the crows outside.

The teacher nodded curtly and went to the board to talk the class through how to take a derivative.

"So you see, when you have "x" to the third power, and you take its derivative- you pull the three down and multiply it by the one that would be

in front of the "x". Then you just subtract one from three and that is your new exponent. x-cubed becomes three-x-squared. Does everyone follow?"

Half of the class groaned, the students who didn't were either scratching their heads or fucking around on their phones under their desks. Adrian was still staring off into the void but Kendra gave a nod when the teacher scanned the classroom. He looked defeated but put another example on the board.

"Hey, I'm Kendra." She reached out towards Adrian awkwardly, as if he could somehow sense she was trying to shake his hand.

"I know." His response, deadpan and devoid of interest, came without so much as a slight turn of his head. "We had first period together. You smell nice."

It wasn't necessarily the response she was hoping for but the compliment made her feel a little warm inside where she otherwise felt cold and dead.

"I uh, I think we can knock this worksheet out pretty easy. I took a calculus course over the summer to get the fuck away from my mom. This stuff is easy."

There was no auditory response, he still refused to peel his eyes away from the fucking birds outside of the window. His hand went to a paper on his desk and spun it at an angle so she could read it more easily.

He had already filled out the entire worksheet. Kendra skimmed his answers, every single one was correct.

"I took calc one and two last summer to get the fuck away from my dad."

He finally turned to face her.

"I'm Adrian." He put out his hand to shake hers.

"I know." She ignored his gesture as he had hers. "You don't smell so bad yourself."

Now that she thought about it, there was a sickly sweet scent that hung about him. Almost too faint to notice but she knew it right away. He smelled like death.

The bell rang and students were out the door before Mr. Nobody was able to assign any homework. Kendra was the last to leave, she placed the worksheet on his desk but didn't return his smile when he saw there were correct answers on it.

Lunch period was a lawless and chaotic fanfare. Students rode bikes and skateboards down the hallways while teachers yelled at them to "Stop

that!". Kendra looked up from selecting a new song on Spotify to see a large group between her and her own locker.

Three boys were in the center of the circle, people were cheering and shouting excitedly but she couldn't make out what was going on. A roar erupted excitedly from the crowd following a cracking noise that sounded so much like the snapping of a small bone.

Kendra pushed her way to the front of the onlookers and watched as Adrian got sucker punched again. He was unable to fight back due to the kid behind him holding his arms like a security guard. His nose was destroyed, blood had splattered the lockers as well as some of the students in the periphery of his right side. The cartilage had broken away from his face, causing a large gash to appear that oozed the crimson fluid like a lazy river that led to his mouth. The left side of his face was already swelling angrily and turning purple. With a hollow crack and another whoop of excitement from the crowd, the boy who was attacking Adrian threw a vicious uppercut - catching his chin perfectly. The clatter of his teeth slamming into each other sent shivers down Kendra's spine.

"Get that little punk, Tommy!"

"Yeah, fuck him up!"

The crowd was cheering as Adrian got his ass kicked, unable to fight back or defend himself.

"Yeah, Tommy. Fuckin' get him." Adrian spat. "Otherwise he might tell everyone your little secret."

The threat was hardly louder than a whisper but Kendra heard it, and so did Tommy.

"What the fuck did you just say you fuckin' fag?"

Adrian smiled, his bloody teeth and shattered nose added to the air of insanity.

“You heard me.”

Tommy punched Adrian in his already swollen eye. Adrian hardly seemed to feel it.

Adrian lolled his head forward like he was knocked out before bringing it back hard with a tremendous crunch. The boy holding his arms yelped in pain when the crown of Adrian's skull collided with his own nose. Blood sluiced down his face but the damage looked superficial at best, nothing like what Adrian had just endured. The boy fell back, grabbing his nose while Tommy drove his fist up into Adrian's gut, causing him to double

over. He spat a chunk of his bitten tongue to the ground, accompanied by blood, saliva, and mucus. Adrian wheezed, trying to catch his breath.

"What the hell is going on here?" A shrill voice shouted over the excited students.

The onlookers dispersed like a thousand roaches being exposed to daylight in a dingy apartment. Tommy grabbed the other bully and pulled him along out of sight as The Bat approached.

Adrian didn't have it in him to run, and Kendra was rooted to the spot in shock from what she had just witnessed. Once the adrenaline began to fade, she was able to feel the itchy sensation that accompanied blood drying on her skin.

She picked at the droplets, the powdered remnants of Adrian's blood stuck to her fingertip. She looked down at Adrian who was still doubled over trying to catch his breath, then over at Ms. Kunst who seemed more annoyed with him than worried about his well being. A quick cursory glance around told her nobody was watching. She plopped the finger in her mouth and relished the metallic taste of his blood as it rehydrated on her tongue.

"What happened?"

Adrian was too busy trying to stop the large gash in his shattered nose from bleeding, but it was no use. The thick bloody river continued to run, spreading down across his chest and dribbling to the ground where a large pool was forming around him.

"For Christ's sake! Go clean yourself up then wait for me in my office, I will not tolerate fighting on this campus Adrian!"

Kendra watched as Adrian hobbled away down the hall, appalled that the principal had been so cold towards a student who clearly just got done getting a fucking pounding.

The wretched old woman rounded on Kendra. “Did you see what caused this?”

“No. I just got here when some kid named Tommy did… that.” Kendra pointed at the bloody spot and trail of droplets that followed Adrian down the hallway.

After explaining everything that had happened to the best of her abilities, Kendra was sent on her way to her next class. She was introduced to her fifth and sixth periods in much the same fashion as her previous classes. She huddled up in the back, ignoring the lectures. She was too focused on

whether or not Adrian was okay. Would he be at school tomorrow? Did he go to the hospital?

She picked at the small blood spots that decorated her cheek whenever the teacher wasn't looking in her direction. She continued to savor the delicious taste of Adrian's blood until the final bell rang.

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CHAPTER 5

Kendra shoved her shit into her backpack and rushed out the door with the rest of the students. She caught mentions of the "fight" that had happened during lunch. The stories were growing more fantastical with every mention. She stopped quickly at her locker to swap books that she would need for homework and set off for the faculty building.

Just as she had suspected, Adrian was in there. She could see Kunst pacing in her office, Adrian was sitting in a chair looking unamused with an ice pack held up to his swollen eye. The bitch of a principal was yelling.

After a few minutes, Adrian stood up mid rant and walked out. The leathery old bag looked dumbfounded by his immediate departure from her office. Kendra waited for him to start walking away and then followed.

Adrian took a right after crossing the campus parking lot, toward the cul-de-sac at the end of the street.

He lives close by, good.

He walked towards the gap between two houses where Kendra realized there was a small path that led into the woods. She looked around, a lot of students were approaching the same gap. She continued to follow. It led to a stairway down a hill towards a main road. Here, Adrian turned right and stayed on the sidewalk, following the busy street for what felt like forever. Other students padded along, around him. He never looked around at any of them.

Kendra continued to follow as they passed a small market, a few apartment complexes, and a gas station. The street they were on intersected

yet another busy road. Adrian took a right turn and trotted along. He was well ahead of her, still not looking around. This road took them towards the towering redwoods that the town nestled into. Houses were spaced further apart here. Most of the other students had broken off by now, while Kendra kept her distance.

After another fifteen minutes of walking, Adrian finally turned down a long driveway where the pavement turned to gravel. Kendra looked to make sure this wasn't another street. It was not. A lightheadedness took her by surprise. This house was massive. Maybe not in the best condition, but it was substantially large compared to the other homes down this road. It was tucked back in the woods. This is the home where Chris and Nancy killed each other. Adrian still lived here. Alone. The home had clearly seen better days. Although it looked relatively new in terms of style, the paint was chipping and the roof had a relatively thick layer of moss. The yard was overgrown with weeds but looked as though it had at least been mowed semi-regularly. It looked as if the house had died long before Chris and Nancy Myers. Curiosity ebbed at her. She wanted to know what had caused the violence between Adrian's parents. Something told her there had been a deep underlying cause, the state of this home furthered her suspicion that similar to her own home life, Adrian's likely wasn't great.

Realizing she didn't have a plan beyond seeing the home where the murders occurred, Kendra turned to start heading home herself. After spending her entire life in the hustle and bustle of a large city, the small town nestled into the redwoods suddenly became ominous and off-putting. The feeling of her heart sinking to her stomach was accentuated by the utter lack of sounds around her. Weren't there supposed to be crickets? birds chirping? any sort of signs of life? As the sun began to descend in the sky, the shadows around her grew long. Their ends distorted into fingers that reached out, threatening to steal her and lock her away within their darkness.

“Next time you wanna make sure I get home safe, feel free to offer an escort like a normal person."

The monotone voice poured over her like ice water, and she jumped with a small child-like scream.

"Settle down, nobody is even going to hear you out here."

Kendra spun around quickly, ready to defend herself in case Adrian was some sort of maniac.

"Woah, chill. I'm kidding!" His monotone voice broke into a more jovial inflection.

The sudden switch in his demeanor was simultaneously calming and nerve-racking. He had been cold as ice towards her all day, but now he seemed to come alive. Kendra's obsession with true crime helped her focus on the potential red flag. Was he intentionally trying to put her at ease to get her to let her guard down?

Kendra fumbled her words, but managed to piece together a half-hearted stammering that was passably coherent.

"I saw you leaving school, I just wanted to check in. See if you were okay."

Adrian gave her a smile, as if to say he knew she was full of shit. He shrugged.

"I'm fine. Suspended for causing a fight and hurting the star football player's precious hands, but I'm fine."

The shock she felt must have made its way to her face. Adrian flashed her another smile.

"You better get home before darkness falls. The shadows might steal a pretty little thing like you."

He turned and walked in the direction of the looming home, leaving Kendra confused and a little scared.

She spun on her heel and hurried to the main road as the shadows continued to reach out for her. The sun was setting already, it was only 4:30 PM but winter was in full swing. Darkness swallowed the small town by 5:15 these days.

Dusk had settled by the time she made it to the busy street once again. Her heart felt like it was about to beat from her chest. She couldn't help but feel as though she was being followed. Every time she turned to look however, the lamp-less street was empty.

Once she was under the street lamps, a sense of calmness ate away at the jittering nerves that had slowly been unraveling in the dark. She found herself missing the almost 24/7 chaos that was Los Angeles. The city certainly slept, but never all at once. There was a comfort in the fact that things were always happening. Unlike this strange town where even restaurants close by 7 PM on weekdays.

Thoughts of home brought with them an onslaught of vivid memories from a past life Kendra wished she could forget. The sense of dread

returned as the shadows within her mind began to assault her consciousness. There was no running from the demons locked away in your own mind. When they wanted to, they came out to play. Kendra pulled out her emergency cigarette and lit it, taking a heavy drag from the filtered end. For a moment the tension released, but it returned with a vengeance as the vivid memories crashed over her. She tried to escape them by walking faster but this was a storm she would not be able to escape from simply by getting home safely.

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The nightlight kept Kendra's room lit just enough to keep the monsters at bay. Regardless, she struggled to sleep. Her mother was just down the hall with a new man, she could hear their voices clearly through her cracked bedroom door. They were being gross. Kendra was eleven then, but she had heard of sex before. Every so often the voices stopped and the sound of pouring liquid followed by a rough swallow and a "woo!" replaced them. The adults were getting hammered. For her mother, the party never seemed to end.

The new man made her feel uneasy. He was kind enough during the dinner they all shared together. The polite conversation was one-sided. Kendra decided that she didn't like this man too much. His interest in her felt almost sinister. After scraping her plate, she was sent to get ready for bed. She brushed her teeth and flossed, then put on her oversized shirt. It was her favorite and had once belonged to her dad. She climbed into bed.

A feeling she couldn't quite figure out crept through her body. She felt anxious and strangely alert. Her stomach was in knots. Did the home cooked meal upset her tummy? No, this feeling was different. It was like she could sense a shift in the tone of the universe.

"Oh my god, no! Are you insane? We can't do it in there! You're so naughty!" Her mother's hushed whisper barely made it to her ears.

There was some giggling and a wet sound, kissing.

"Oh come on babe, I'm tired of doing it in my car but a place we could get caught in sounds so fun! Please?"

Kendra wondered what they were talking about.

"But what if she wakes up? How am I supposed to explain you pushing that thick cock into me from behind to my daughter? She'd be traumatized

for life!"

There was a moment of silence. She realized then that they were talking about fucking in her room while she slept. She'd caught her mother having sex before. It woke her up and she thought someone was in the other room attacking her mommy. Turns out it had just been some meathead from the gym named Carl stuffing his pud into her mother’s well-traveled kitty cat. She was disgusted by it, but never said a word.

"Then fuck it, let her watch. Hell, let her join!"

A slap that should've been far louder cracked through the silence. It was followed by more giggling. There was another clink of glasses as they threw back another shot.

Kendra's heart was pounding away inside of her chest now. She felt dizzy, like she was going to be sick.

"You are so fucking bad, you know that? Come on, I want you to fuck me. If you make me cum first, maybe there will be a reward in it for you."

She pretended to be asleep as the drunken degenerates stumbled past her bedroom. Within seconds, there was a thudding of a headboard against her wall, accompanied by moaning and pleasured screams. The sounds of her mother getting railed woke her up on occasion, but they had never been this loud before.

The sounds of pleasure from her mother and grunts of ecstasy from Tim? John? Whatever the fuck his name is, finally came to an exhilarating end. Then, the muffled voice of her mother stabbed through her ear drums with 6 words that preceded something that altered her life forever.

"I can't believe I'm doing this."

Her mother at least had the sense to shush the blubbering moron when he excitedly told her he would be gentle. Together the two of them tiptoed into Kendra's room.

She continued pretending to be asleep, fighting to keep her anxious shivering under control when her mother sat down on the edge of her bed.

"Honey, wake up. I have a surprise for you." The monster in her mother's skin whispered, gently shaking her.

The mattress groaned with the weight of whatever the man's name was when he climbed onto it.

Kendra rolled over to look at her mother. She was naked and sweaty. Her mascara was running and drool had dried around her mouth. He had really

given her all he had, she was still trembling from the enormous orgasm he gave her.

Tears welled in Kendra's eyes as the strange man gripped and tugged at her panties from under her big shirt. Her mother held her head in her wet lap as Kendra's tears added to the bodily fluids.

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Kendra broke into a run, doing all she could to escape the memory as it slithered its way through her mind like a snake running down a kill. She balled her fists and began naming things she could see around her as she ran home.

Big tree, traffic light, gas station, stop sign, yellow house.

She listed the things she could smell, the muted colors of the flowers as they flashed by, and the brands of cars she could make out through thick tears developing in her eyes. The salty taste of her snot invaded her mouth as it dribbled down her upper lip. She could feel herself pulling away from the vile memory just as she made it to the walkway of her new home.

She took a deep breath and prayed to any being that would listen that her mother wasn't home yet.

“Where the fuck have you been?” Dani demanded the moment Kendra threw open the front door.

She hastily tried to wipe the snot from her nose and smeared the little makeup she was wearing as she ran the sleeve of her hoodie under her eyes. She didn't know why she felt like she needed to lie, the memories from moments ago had set her mind and body into high alert.

“Nowhere, I got turned around walking home from school.”

“Bullshit. Did you already find a boyfriend? Is that mascara running because you were out choking on some random dude's cock all evening?"

“Fuck you mom. The only cocks that end up in my mouth are the ones you put in there yourself."

Dani was momentarily stunned. This was the first time Kendra had ever acknowledged the abuse. Even when it happened frequently back in Los Angeles, they never spoke of it. She had grown indifferent to the men who plowed their often less than adequate penises into her, more or less allowing the abuse to continue because there was always a reward in it for her. Her mother was too fucking stupid to realize she wasn't in some Stockholm

Syndrome-like trance. She was fully aware that these men were degenerate pedophiles but she was also well aware that each night of sucking off or fucking one of those idiots was another new wardrobe, a new cell phone. Hell, even a used car. Her used Mercedes C class wasn't as fancy as her mom’s brand new Audi, but it still turned heads when she pulled into her school’s parking lot the day after she got it. She wasn't fond of leaving it behind but with how hastily they moved, they forgot all about it. Kendra only had it for a week.

She didn't bother undressing. She fell back onto her comfortable bed, another bribe she had accepted through fake tears, and closed her eyes.

She didn't expect to fall asleep. Vivid dreams of scenarios from her day turned to nightmares of faceless men humping away in her. Their sweat splashed on her forehead as she faked orgasms. Then, everything changed. There was a man bent over the footboard of the bed, kneeling in a growing pool of blood. The walls were decorated with streaks of crimson. She walked closer. His own castrated cock hung limp from inside his mouth, the veins in his purple face bulged. Next to his head was the head of her mother. Her eyes were studded with teeth. The root end had been jabbed into the corneas. Blood ran from them like tears. She turned to look at the corner of the room where her mother's nude corpse sat positioned with its legs spread wide. More teeth spilling from her bloody vagina.

She woke up with a smile, she was wet between her legs.

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CHAPTER 6

Adrian closed the front door to his home, not bothering to lock it. Nobody ever wanted inside the death house. He walked into the foyer and climbed the steps on the right side of the room to the second floor. He went down the hallway to the final door on the left, which he unlocked and entered. He made his way around a few half finished displays and gazed out the window overlooking the front yard and gravel driveway. He watched Kendra's silhouette through the trees as she stood for a moment seemingly lost in thought before proceeding on her way, never looking back.

This room was always locked. Not because there was a worry about intruders, it wasn't even about the value of what was inside the room. This was a dark place. The depravity that unfolded within the confines of these four walls was something that would make a demented serial killer worry about what the fuck was going on. Adrian kept it locked symbolically. He didn't like to face who he was in here. He knew that his interests were abnormal. Beyond, actually. They were the stuff of nightmares. He did terrible, vile things here. Things he hoped would one day make it out to the public once he was dead and gone. He was a nobody, but he wanted to be remembered for something. He had plans, he just wasn't quite sure about how to set them in motion.

Once Kendra was well out of sight, he turned around and drank in the scenery within the room. Grotesque drawings covered the walls. Mutilated rats and other vermin spilling blood and viscera while committing horrible acts upon one another. When looking around the room, it almost seemed to

have a coherence from drawing to drawing that made the entire wall space appear as a single piece. There was probably some hidden message that a snobby art elitist or annoyingly introspective therapist could gather from the horrific imagery, but to Adrian it was just a bunch of ideas that plagued his mind and wouldn't let him do anything until he drew them out.

There were four large wooden tables placed in neat rows in the room. One was a large drafting table. Notebook sketches covered the surface and larger, more well executed prints like the ones on the walls were created here. The next table was littered with doll clothing and seemingly random artifacts that all had a rather sinister air to them. Sewing needles and fish hooks, both rusted with blotches that looked eerily like blood coating them. Beneath this table was a mini fridge, within which were dozens of slowly decaying rat carcasses. The third table had set-building pieces all over it. There were hot glue guns, different types of cloth, pieces of wood, cardboard, and an abundance of small knick knacks that would be right at home in a children's playhouse. The last table was where the assembly of Adrian's art took place. It was stained with dark pools of blood. Bits and pieces of decaying flesh littered the surface. The room smelled violently of death. It didn't bother Adrian in the slightest. In fact, it turned him on.

There were counters lining the lower portion of the wall beneath the twisted drawings. These are where the final forms of Adrian's horrible creations lay to rest. They were all in various stages of decomposition. Although Adrian had learned long ago how to properly execute taxidermy, he found the art form boring and lacking in creativity. He imagined that his creations breathed new life into the subjects that he worked with, but even in their afterlife, they did not deserve to remain perfect forever. There was a beauty in death to him. He wanted to make sure that was also captured in the scenes he created.

The stench of rot and decay mixed with the foul scenes of shocking depravity he had created were getting Adrian excited. He could feel himself throbbing in his pants. Blood felt as though it was draining from his body, all into one concentrated place. But now was not the time. He would savor the feeling and return later. He reached down and gave himself a rough squeeze, causing the stiff cock in his jeans to jump with excitement. He took one final look at one of the decomposing art installations.

A white cat that he had found ran over on his walk home from school sat on its butt, its spine was arched and its tiny paws had been tied behind its

back. The twine around its little mittens ate into the flesh, pus and coagulated blood bubbled around the openings. Its fur was falling out in clumps around the decaying creature. Around its neck was a ball gag that had once been stuffed into its tiny mouth. The jaw of the poor creature had broken away and was now laying on the decorated base, made to look like a dirty tile floor. The cat's eyes bulged and yet somehow sank back into its skull, the head was tilted back looking up into its captor's eyes. The gray naked flesh was peeling away, off-white slivers of bone had shone through the flesh. Thick opaque globs that looked like cooled hot glue created a shell over almost the entire thing. Adrian was getting his use out of it before it had deteriorated completely and he would need to create something new to replace it.

He crossed the room and turned off the light before shutting the door. He locked it and turned around before leaning against it. With a sigh, he allowed his erection to wither away. He went downstairs.

In place of an actual meal, he grabbed a few sticks of string cheese and wandered down the hallway to his bedroom. The house felt foreign to him ever since his parents died. His father allowed the place to fall apart around his family, leaving the relatively new home looking decrepit. Since he had to deep clean the kitchen to scrub away every last fucking drop of blood, shit, and piss that was left in the aftermath of his parents' double murder (he still managed to find blood on occasion), he decided it was time to deep clean the entire home. On the outside, it looked like a multi-story version of the cabin from Cabin in the Woods, but inside it was about as fully renovated as it could get.

Adrian's father was a drunken idiot. Chris Myers had squandered every penny of his disability on hookers, blow, and booze. He constantly complained about his old boss, the rat, ruining his life as he tilted drink after drink back into his ever-thirsty gullet. But his mother on the other hand worked her ass off. She was hoarding money, saving as much as she could so that one day she could take Adrian and get the fuck away from the man who had grown to hate the family he had created with her. Adrian used that money to buy the materials needed to clean up and renovate each room. It also helped that he had inherited his mother's 401K. Even his deadbeat dad had some money left in his, he was probably too fuckin drunk all the time to realize there were more places he could pull money from to get his next fix.

The neatly kept home felt alien to him, but he preferred it over the abandoned-looking shit hole he had come to know since the day his dad got absolutely fucking wrecked by a forklift at work.

He pushed open his bedroom door, discarded the wrappers from his cheese sticks in the metal waste basket near the freshly redone opening, then closed his room off to the world and began to strip.

He watched himself in the mirror as he peeled off his clothes, layer by layer. He tossed his blood-soaked shirt into the wastebasket and looked at his reflection. In his boxers, all of his scars were on display. Each one of them was inflicted by his old man. There were circular cigarette burns littering his shoulders, collar bones, and back. Long raised scars etched thin lines across his pale skin. He could remember the instance in which he had received every single one. The cuts were usually from knives and razor blades; slashes were a form of punishment for misbehaving. Misbehaving meant doing just about anything, nothing Adrian did seemed to be done correctly in his father's eye. The most obscene scars he harbored were across his chest. They were angry discolored lines that were jaggedly etched into his skin one night when his dad had been hitting the bottle and lines of coke.

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Chris was home alone aside from his loser of a kid in the other room. He had a bottle of Jack in one hand, a small mirror in the other, and a strange woman's mouth around his cock. He ripped a line off the small mirror and put it on the filthy cushion next to him. He followed the addictive powder with a swig of the whiskey and then palmed the back of the prostitute's head like a basketball and shoved her face down hard. She gagged to the point of throwing up on his rancid unwashed soldier, he cackled and called for his son to come in and see the cool trick he had played on the poor woman.

In his deeply altered state of mind, he had expected his 12 year old son to come in and high five him like an old college buddy might have. Maybe he'd skull fuck the dirty whore after his old man had busted a nut across her runny mascara. Instead, Adrian looked horrified, on the verge of tears. The sight of the crying boy sent Chris into a blind rage.

He kicked the woman to the floor, and with a yelp, she began to sob uncontrollably. Just like his pussy ass kid. He grabbed Adrian by the arm,

his slobber and vomit covered stiffy bobbed as he threw his son to the ground. Straddling the boy who was now in utter hysterics, he pulled a box cutter from the end table by the couch. He cut away his son's shirt and got to work at branding the little queer for life. When he was done, he stood up and admired his handy work. Adrian had stopped crying. He shook violently as fear and shock paralyzed him.

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The word "FAGET" was etched into his chest forever. After everything else that had unfolded between him and his dear old dad, this memory felt almost tame. Looking at the jagged letters of the incorrectly spelled slur almost brought a smile to his face.

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CHAPTER 7

Kendra's first week was uneventful at best. After the fight resulting in Adrian’s suspension that occurred on Monday, she had nothing to keep her entertained during her classes.

On Friday morning, she had a meeting with the batty old principal, Ms. Kunst. There was a back and forth about how her first week was going. The main concern was whether or not she was adjusting well to life in a new town. Being 17 years old and moving away from the only other place you lived is tough. Leaving friends and other family behind wouldn't be easy. Kendra mostly answered with yes and no, staying tight-lipped whenever there was a pause by Kunst to invite more dialogue. The entire time, Kendra sat and stared into the woman's soul through her eyes. There was pain and sorrow in them. Something she wanted to exploit. She was curious if anyone else in the school had noticed the downtrodden demeanor that enveloped the principal like a black cloud.

She took stock of her surroundings. There were very few pictures along the walls, mostly just school stuff. Her desk was more of the same, but Kendra did notice that on the couch near the window there was a pillow that looked like it belonged more at home on a bed. She was pondering the strangeness of that pillow when a teacher that Kendra had not yet met knocked, then opened the door.

"Good morning, Mona. Oh- sorry, I didn't realize-"

"You never seemed to grasp the meaning of a closed door, Teddy, but that's alright. What is it?"

"Keith is out front, furious about the suspension and is demanding that his kid isn't benched for the next two football games. He's like, freaking out."

"Ah, yes. *Tommy's* father. I'll be right out."

"If it's all the same, could you come now? It's getting bad."

"Very well. Kendra, I will be back to finish our discussion. Please, do not touch anything."

The moment the door closed and Kendra saw the frail man being followed by Ms. Kunst through the window, she got up to snoop around. The first few drawers were just full of office supplies but the bottom drawer, which had a key still in its lock, was a gold mine.

She opened the drawer quickly, wincing as its contents clinked around. There was an unmarked bottle filled with brown liquid, clearly some sort of alcohol, as well as a single glass, a bottle of generic brand sleeping pills, a prescription bottle for Xanax, and a photo album.

The pictures in the album were mostly of a far younger, far more beautiful version of Ms. Kunst. She was always next to a handsome man who sported a thick beard and looked like he was filled to the brim with love for his stunning wife. Deeper in, the photos were splotched as if someone had cried over them. Kunst was pregnant in them, positively beaming with her man. Then there were photos of them in the hospital before Kunst went into the delivery room. Then, more photos of Kunst or her husband, but alone. Smiling, but no child. The photos taken looked as though they gave up on trying to have people take pictures of them. As if being together in the photo was unimportant. The memory was being made, but they didn't need to share it forever in a picture.

Kendra continued to flip through, at some point the two were together again. There were more pregnancy pictures.

Was this the same pregnancy?

No, she looked older and more broken down. Like life had been sucked from her but she refused to quit. She was beginning to look more gaunt but still maintained an expecting mother’s glow. Her husband looked just as happy and healthy as ever. More photos in a delivery room, and this time, photos of a baby. "Morgan" had been written across the bottom of a polaroid of the little girl, fresh out of the womb. It was covered in tears.

Kendra could hear voices nearing, one of them shrill and annoying. Kunst was on her way back. She closed up the album and went to replace it.

Before she slipped it into the drawer, she noticed something in the very back. It was a small black .38 Special. She pushed the drawer closed and managed to sit down just as Kunst entered the room.

The woman looked disheveled. She sat down in her chair and glared daggers at Kendra, who returned the look with equal disdain. She knew that Kunst was annoyed by her short answers and lack of cooperation with the onboarding interview but she didn't care. There was a long pause before Kunst said anything to her. The principal leaned forward, placing her elbows on the desk and making a steeple with her fingers, where she perched her chin upon her thumbs, and her pointer fingers touched her nose.

"Well Kendra, I know it sure isn't easy getting along in a new place as an almost eighteen year old girl but you appear to be doing just fine. If you would like to schedule more time with me to talk things through, I'm happy to do it but I don't get the vibe that you're into this sort of thing. Is there anything else you'd like to say before we are done here?"

"Just that the whole no smoking on school property rule is bullshit, but whatever. I'll just wait until I'm walking home."

She expected Kunst to reprimand her for her use of language but the woman just smiled at her. Blackened gums held tightly to yellowing teeth in her sallow mouth. She reached into her pocket and produced Kendra's pack of smokes that she had confiscated on her first day. She thumbed out a cigarette and put it between her teeth before opening the bottom drawer of her desk with her foot and dropping the pack inside before kicking it shut again.

"I couldn't agree with you more, kid. Now, get to class."

Anger bubbled within as Kendra pulled the door shut behind her. She could hear the clicking of the lighter just before the door slammed.

The halls were empty during class, so Kendra took her time wandering over to her locker. She could hear the muffled voices of teachers giving lectures as she passed each doorway. The cool air bit at her face but felt good at the same time. Coming from a city that was filled with smog, the coastal fog from Northern California was a welcome change of scenery. The moody weather was melancholy, it resonated with her. The city of angels was a facade, those angels had fallen and turned everyone around them to monsters. But here? Nestled in among the redwood trees where mom and pop shops dominated the corporate competition and everyone knew

everyone else, maybe here she would find an angel. Someone to save her from the hell her life became when Dani got desperate.

She turned down the hallway towards her locker and felt butterflies erupt in her gut. Adrian was rooting around in his locker when Kendra approached.

"Look who decided to finally show up to school."

Adrian closed his locker and gave a confused look before realizing it was her. The swelling in his face had gone down considerably, but the bruises were still vibrant. His nose was scabbed over and still very much broken. She had a feeling he didn't intend to go to a doctor to have it reset.

"I mean- sorry. That was stupid. How uh, how's your face?

Adrian gave a small smile.

"It's fine, I've gotten far worse than what that dipshit did to me. My old man had one hell of a right hook."

Kendra wasn't sure how to respond to this, but he was smiling, so she giggled.

"You got it from your dad, huh? I've never been beaten but I'll admit my mother is no fucking saint herself Think you'd wanna- I dunno, tell me about it sometime?

For a moment he looked upset, but his expression softened.

"What are you, some sort of therapist?”

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CHAPTER 8

The final bell put the sixth period junior class out of their misery. Kendra stood up and followed the zombie horde of mush-brained teenagers out of the classroom door into an ever growing mass of excited students ready to put their weekend plans into motion. She went down to her locker and deposited her books, opting to put off doing any homework this weekend. Nothing major was due and she wasn't in the mood for studying. When she closed her locker, Adrian was standing there waiting for her.

"I forgot to ask earlier, but uh, what's your number?"

He may not have been smooth with it, but Kendra liked his awkward and shy demeanor. His presence was genuine. He didn't act like a lot of the boys *and men* that tried so hard to impress her constantly. It's not like it felt as though he didn't give a fuck. It's that he didn't know how to act any other way.

She smiled. and took his phone, typing in her phone number then adding her name with a black heart emoji at the end. She pressed the green phone icon at the bottom of the screen then handed Adrian's phone back. When the call came through on her end, she bounced it to voicemail and added Adrian as a contact. His name was "Smooth Operator" with a cry-laugh emoji. He grinned.

"Already jumping to heart emojis, huh? What's next, three kids and a white picket fence?"

Kendra gave him a wink and a shy smile.

"You'd best get to courting me then, s*mooth operator,* Those three conceptions aren't about to be immaculate."

She watched with glee as he fumbled with his words.

"Just text me where we are meeting, I'll find the place."

Before he could respond, she turned and walked away. Excitement grew in her chest like a fire that she'd just been feeding. Without really knowing anything about him beyond his name and what his blood tasted like, she felt drawn to the strange boy. She was confused why he wasn't more popular at school. He certainly had the looks, brains, and personality to be in one of the cliques around campus.

When Kendra got home, there was a silver Chevy Malibu parked in the driveway. A car her materialistic demon whore of a mother wouldn't be caught dead in. Unless it was foreign and had an MSRP above $75k, it was garbage to Dani. Internal alarms went off, her first thought being that it was some sort of undercover cop car. She marched up the walkway and opened the front door.

Inside, her mother was giggling and yapping as if she had been drinking. There was a giddiness in her voice that only ever meant one thing. The wine bottle had been uncorked, and the bitter red liquid was pouring. Kendra rolled her eyes even though nobody could see her, thinking all the while about how much she wanted to watch a different, slightly more viscous red liquid be poured instead. The obvious flirtatious conversation in the other room set her heart at ease. There's no way her mother would be getting drunk with a detective.

Vivid flashes of memories in her mother's bedroom bounced around in her mind. Blood ran down the walls and dripped from the ceiling. She was straddling him, panting, out of breath as he begged her to stop, and to think about what she was doing. The smile from her memory found its way to reality and stretched across her face. She felt a tingling sensation between her legs and rushed through the house towards the bathroom.

"Honey, don't be rude! Come say hello to my new boss, Scott!"

Kendra kept moving, offering an excuse she knew would piss her mom off.

"Sorry, can't. Gotta shit so bad! Hey Scott!"

A deep male voice followed.

“She seems… great.”

She slammed the bathroom door and turned on the light and fan, then started the shower. She hoped that her response had upset her mother and grossed out the sexual prospect the wretched woman brought home. Given her past, Kendra had a feeling that his presence meant only one thing and wondered if her idiot mother thought her threat was a bluff. She should be well aware of what Kendra was capable of after the incident that caused them to hurriedly move to a new town.

True to her word, Kendra stripped naked and plopped down on the can. She tried her best to be as loud as possible, forcing her farts and moaning in feigned agony when the turds she was expelling were propelled into the water with force. If she was lucky, the walls were thin and her manufactured rough potty time would not go unheard. If she could avoid another incident like the last, she would. But if things went where she suspected they were going, she needed to come up with a plan.

She didn't bother wiping before depressing the flush handle on the toilet. The stink of her shit was thick in the humid room but it didn't bother her, not after the things she had been through. She drew the shower curtain closed and thought about what had transpired two weeks ago. The thoughts did things to her no man had ever been able to do. She pressed the shower head up between her thighs and gasped as she masturbated. The grotesque memory of using a hand saw to separate the head from a fresh corpse is what made her cum. She quivered and bit back a scream of delight as scenes of his throat opening up filled her mind. Blood gushed from the gaping wound and bits of flesh clung to the saw's teeth as she worked it deeper into his neck. The grinding of bone sent chills up her arm and down her spine. It was something she knew she'd probably never get to experience again, but desperately hoped to reenact one day.

She washed herself, making sure to spray out her asshole to knock loose feces she didn't bother wiping away prior to her shower masturbation session. She watched as small flecks of brown matter circled the drain and disappeared. It was gross but it didn't bother her all that much now that she'd seen and experienced such vile and grisly things. She turned the knob and toweled herself dry before wrapping her hair into the towel above her head and exiting the bathroom completely naked.

She walked into the kitchen where her mother and her "boss" were still talking and grabbed a beer from the fridge. She ignored the strange man's hungry stare and fought to not laugh as her mother screamed at her to get

out and put some clothes on. She knew that her little stunt would force her mother's hand. She wanted every reason to make good on her promise, even if she manufactured the final nail in the coffin herself.

She turned around to face the room and cracked the can open and poured the frothy IPA into her mouth. Cold foam ran down her chin and the chill of the liquid instantly pimpled her flesh and hardened her nipples. She gulped hastily at the contents of the can, practically able to feel the man's pulsing erection as beer dribbled down her naked body. She crushed the empty and tossed it in the white plastic trash can by the door leading to the garage. She turned to grab another cold one before belching in her mother's face and leaving to go to her room. Rushed apologies about her behavior to the man she knew she'd be fucking at some point this weekend were music to her ears.

The truth was, ever since the first time it happened, Kendra was broken. She had already been predisposed to a lack of empathy and emotion, but what little capacity she had for such things was long gone. Night after night of being mounted and fucked by countless sweaty men had hardened her. It hurt the first couple of times it had happened, but after years of being pushed into the abuse, she had grown to enjoy the feeling of a man's erect penis pumping away inside her. Oftentimes they lasted mere seconds before hastily pulling out and shooting their hot salty load onto her belly. She realized early on that if she looked disappointed, it would hurt her rapist's fragile ego. Maybe they would come around once or twice more, but they always ended up dumping her dumb bitch mom after they got the chance to climb between her legs.

Kendra always got what she wanted from the exchange. She got fucked, which felt good even though it only lasted a few minutes at best. She got bribed for allowing the abuse to unfold, she knew what was happening was beyond wrong. And, she got the added benefit of breaking a man's ego which in turn caused him to dump her mom. Kendra reveled in Dani's sadness. She deserved so much worse for the vile things she had done. But for now, a pill addiction and alcohol dependency will have to do.

Kendra enjoyed the buzz while sipping her second beer. She pulled up the internet browser on her phone and started to deep dive her most recent fascination. Mona Kunst, like Adrian, didn't have a plethora of information plastered on the internet for the world to see. She had a LinkedIn profile and her name came up in relation to various schools around the county. She

almost gave up on trying to find any dirt when she saw a news archive that turned up her last name, the search result omitted her first. She opened the link and spread her fingers across the screen to zoom into the news article. Her eyes widened further with each sentence of the story. She backed out and searched for David Kunst. The result yielded far more information, including a police report and a handful of scathing stories about the principal's late husband. She went back to the newspaper archive and spent some time comparing the information. A mixture of anger and excitement boiled within her. Something wasn't right in the report and she had a hunch as to what it was.

Kendra dumped the remainder of her beer out the window and crumpled the can. She got dressed and headed for the front door, deciding there was no better time to pop in on Adrian unannounced than now. She had no intention of spilling the beans on what she surmised about their batty old wench of a principal, but she had an undeniable interest in the boy and had zero desire to spend her Friday evening with her mother and Scott. The sun was getting low in the sky, but there was plenty of daylight left. Her walk to Adrian's house was relaxing, her buzz was the perfect companion. She bobbed her head to the Fallout Boy track playing in her headphones as she walked.

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CHAPTER 9

After school, Adrian liked to work out. He went straight home, mixed up some pre-workout then changed into shorts and a t-shirt before heading into the garage. He crossed the first main room of the garage area and opened another door that led to his home gym. There was a bench and squat rack as well as an array of dumbbells and kettlebells. All he needed to get a good pump was in the small space. He moved from station to station carrying his towel, water, and phone around. He used his notes to track the rep count and weight of each lift that he did as he worked his way around the room. For his final workout, he loaded a barbell with 180 lbs. of plates and lay down. He thought about what he would want to say to Kendra in a text message. He finished his first set then pulled out his phone and created a new message. His confidence dissipated and instead of brooding, he put in another set. Then another. After his final set, he racked the weight and sat up. Looking down at the pile of stuff next to the bench, his phone sat unlocked and open to the blank message, mocking him.

"Hey, it's Adrian. I know you already have my number saved but just in case... Anyways, sorry I'm awkward. I guess I'm just not really a texter. How do bagels sound? There's a good spot on I street. They have good coffee and hot chocolate too. If you're into that."

He read and re-read the message over and over. The text sucked. He held the delete button and started over.

"Hey, wanna meet for bagels tomorrow at 11? The spot is on I street. They have some pretty killer coffee and hot chocolate too."

He analyzed it. It was an invite indeed. It assumed she already had his number, it set a tone of wanting to meet, but it was neither too desperate nor too nonchalant. It offered a location and some beverage options. He didn't allow himself to choke. He tapped the arrow and locked his phone, standing up and stretching all in one motion.

He didn't make it two steps towards the door into the main garage area before pulling his phone out and re-reading the message that was marked as delivered with a little time stamp. He began to perspire with anticipation. Had she seen it? Was she going to respond? Did she even fucking like bagels? He felt his mind spiraling out of control and decided it was best to just see what happened. He locked the phone and dropped it in his pocket then pulled the door open and walked over to the shower in the main garage area where he stripped down while the water warmed up.

As he washed, his mind kept replaying the text over and over. He had never texted a friend before, let alone an attractive girl. Kendra *was* attractive, beautiful even. Her style and aesthetic matched his in a complementary manner and he liked how sarcastic she was. There was definitely something within her that felt off to him. Her smile never really made it into her eyes. She seemed *dead* somehow, but still very much alive. He sympathized with that, feeling like he was very much dead inside as well.

It's not that he didn't feel feelings, but rather that the only thing he had felt since he was seven years old was pain, sorrow, fear, and misery. It took its toll on him early on but without proper guidance or professional help, his default settings were modified to never giving a fuck, never reacting, and showing no outward emotion. The excitement and anxiety he felt as he awaited Kendra's response was more akin to a bad stomach ache than any other feelings he remembered from the past decade.

Adrian rinsed the suds from his hair and shut off the water. He dried off and hung the worn red towel back on its hook. He put his gym clothes on a bench by the makeshift doorway to his weight room and walked inside wearing nothing but the skin he was born in.

"Yeah, bagels tomorrow at 11 sounds great!"

The statement came from a voice in the room as opposed to a text on his phone. He was caught completely off guard and stubbed his toe, almost tripping as he rushed to find something to cover his nakedness. Kendra was

sitting on the counter top dangling her feet, laughing hysterically as he fought to regain his composure.

"First of all, what the fuck are you doing in my house?" The statement didn't sound angry but was instead laced with confusion. "And secondly, cover your damn eyes, I'm naked for Christ's sake!"

Kendra hopped down from the counter, landing quietly. Her small frame carried little weight and she was clearly quite coordinated. She was still giggling as she approached. She tried to get a look at his penis but he had the twig and berries cupped in both hands. She bit her lip seductively.

"Boo hoo, you're no fun."

She pouted, twisting one knee in and clasping her hands at her pelvis, doing her best sexy schoolgirl impression. Adrian felt the blood rushing to his downstairs but edged his way around the pretty girl and hurried down the hallway. She followed him, skipping. Her animated and excited demeanor was non-threatening but still made Adrian feel uneasy. He got his boxer briefs pulled up just before she entered the room, gazing around with a childlike wonder. He threw on some clean sweats and a long sleeve band shirt. The logo was of some Nintendo video game characters standing over the dead bodies of more characters. "THIS IS A BATTLEGROUND" was decorated around the scene under four letters that read "ADTR"

Kendra smiled at his shirt.

"Nice, I fuckin' love ADTR, I have the same shirt but its a short sleeve."

"I hate to be that guy. But again, what the fuck are you doing in my house?"

Again he didn't sound angry, but he no longer sounded confused either. It was an earnest question, he was just accustomed to swearing at least once every other sentence.

Kendra shrugged, her small frame and innocent demeanor made her appear even younger. Almost childlike in her disposition. Adrian thought she was really cute but wasn't sure if he was into the whole preteen vibe she was currently giving off. Even though they were the same age, her behavior made his attraction to her feel uneasy, like it was forbidden or frowned upon.

"Didn't wanna be home, didn't know where else to go. You're my only friend so I thought I'd come here. The door was unlocked and since you already put a heart emoji next to my name I figured I was just allowed in on principle alone."

She plopped herself onto his made bed and continued to look around the room. Like the rest of the house, this room was tidy. There was very minimal clutter. No trophies, awards, or photographs on the walls. Only one picture frame sat on the nightstand. It featured a younger, less muscular Adrian and a beautiful woman who appeared to be his mother. There was no dad in sight.

"Well, actually *you* are the one who put the heart emoji by your name. But I guess that's what I get for leaving the front door unlocked."

Adrian stood awkwardly, not sure if he should sit next to her or keep standing. Should he offer her a snack? water? juice? What do girls his age eat and drink? Why had his mother never taught him this stuff? All he knew about women is that his mother was a saint and that his father treated them like shit.

"Can I get you a glass of water or anything?"

"Hmmmmm, got anything stronger than water?"

"Do you mean like orange juice?"

"No, dumb ass, I mean like apple juice. Alcohol, Adrian. Do you have any alcohol?"

He grinned sheepishly. The insult didn't feel mean, it came off as playful. Not that it mattered, but he enjoyed the juxtaposition of small girl - big attitude.

"No ma'am. I don't drink… because I'm seventeen?"

She grinned at the attitude he gave back. Her infatuation with him grew more with every word from his handsome mouth.

"Well I guess we'll have to raw dog this emotional journey."

Kendra sighed as she stood up.

"Water is fine, unless you have orange juice. That sounds a bit more my speed. I'll just pretend there's some vodka in it."

"Thought you wanted apple juice, buttercup."

Kendra flashed a devilish smile and punched his arm as she left the room. Her little fist concentrated the blow in one tiny spot which somehow made it hurt even worse. She had connected between muscle and bone, causing a Charlie horse reaction. The pain reverberated in his arm as he followed her back down the hall into the kitchen.

She sat in a bar stool at the counter while Adrian snickered and poured her a glass of OJ, per her request. She took a small sip and set it back down. An intense look washed over her face. She was all business.

"So, tell me about your abusive childhood Mr. Myers."

She made peaks with her finger tips and stared directly into his soul. The black pits that were her eyes were entirely lifeless. If Adrian had believed in ghosts, ghouls, demons, and zombies, he'd assume she was undead or possessed. Or both. She kinda creeped him out, and he kinda liked it.

"What makes you think I was abused?”

She laughed. Not a fake laugh or a small chuckle, but an all out hearty single syllable laugh.

"HA! What do you mean why do I think you were abused? First of all, you told me your dad hit you, and secondly I don't think I need to remind you that your parents *murdered* each other earlier this year. The wound is probably still as fresh as that black eye and shattered nose you've been sporting all week. Normal parents don't just kill each other amigo, someone in this family was fucked up. Well, someone other than *you* that is."

Adrian's head spun. The way she said everything made him realize that perhaps her interest in him wasn't actually an interest in who he was, but in what had happened to him. He decided he might as well play into it so he could confirm or deny his suspicion.

"The memory of that day still hurts, so thanks for that. But it wasn't both of my parents who were abusive. Just my asshole dad. My mom did what she did to protect me from him. I uh- I tried to step in and stop it from happening but it all happened so fast…"

He trailed off, fighting off the tears that stung his eyes.

Kendra's demeanor quickly switched from harsh to relaxed, her voice becoming soft.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

She was genuinely interested in his story, but not because she felt emotionally tied to it. While she was firmly attracted to the boy, she was completely incapable of growing any feelings for him. She wanted to hear about his misery because it excited her. She always knew she was on the darker end of the spectrum, enjoying people's sadness and getting off on stories of abuse, but after she killed a man, she knew she was a monster. A wolf in sheep's clothing.

"How bad did it get?"

Adrian managed to choke back the tears before speaking.

"Pretty fucking bad to be completely honest. It's not everyday your dad puts out his cigarettes and joints on your shoulders, or tests his freshly

sharpened knives on your chest. There were also plenty of times I was the moving target in his demented circus game that involved chucking empty beer bottles when I wouldn't immediately have another one ready for him when he finished. He got all fucked up at work and lost his appeal case. He blamed his old boss, who he started calling “the rat” for every problem he had since."

The memories of late evenings when his mom was away for work came pouring into his mind. Late nights that involved lines of cocaine, prostitutes, vicious beatings and sometimes rape. He was only nine years old the first time it happened. His father had just recently started dabbling in heavy drugs while his mom was somewhere on the other side of the country saving peoples lives, paying their mortgage, and putting food on their table.

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Adrian sobbed quietly in the corner, the venomous command to stay put and not look away by his drunk father kept him rooted in fear. His heart beat madly in his chest as he watched the back of the woman's head bobbing up and down in his dad's lap.

"I'll fuckin' know if you look away you little shit. Ain't no son of mine gonna grow up to be some sort of queer!"

Cinnamon or whatever her name was came up for air with a slurping sound.

"You sure you want that kid seein' this shit?"

Adrian watched in horror as his dad backhanded the woman before grabbing her by the hair and slamming her face back down into his lap. Exasperated gasps for air and choking sounds grew louder to the point of screaming before he finally let up.

"I'll parent the little fuck however I want, I don't need no fuckin' whore tellin' me how to be a good father. How many kids does your fat ass even have anyways? I know a worn out pussy when I see one."

Tears streamed down the woman's face causing her mascara to run as she looked back at Adrian. Mouthing the words "It'll be okay".

In a flash, Chris had taken the side of her head and slammed it down on the granite top of the coffee table. Blood ran down from a gash in her temple as she began to loudly cry for help. Adrian tried to look away as his

dad bent the poor woman over and slammed his slobber covered cock into her ass. Sodomizing was his favorite way to rape a woman.

"If you look away I'll do you next and then force you to do it to her, so you better not take your fuckin' eyes off of me, boy."

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Kendra felt herself growing wet as Adrian described the first time he was forced to be his father's cuckold in detail. She wanted to fuck him, but it was too soon for that. She needed to get home and do her daughterly duty anyways.

"There were more instances like that, but it was pretty rare."

Adrian wanted to tell her everything. Ever since the first sentence he felt the weight of his torment begin to lift from his shoulders. But, it was too soon to speak about such horrible things. They may even lead to other conversations he wasn't quite ready to have. He was unsure, but he thought he saw the look of excitement in Kendra's eye. He noticed her arm moving as well and wondered if the girl was actually insane enough to touch herself in front of him while he told her about his abuse.

Kendra was softly rubbing herself through her panties, daydreaming about whether or not Adrian was ever forced to join in on the rapes of his father's victims. It was a nice thought. Not as good as killing, but something about it was hot. It would be as close to her own abuse as it could possibly get. She sincerely hoped he ass-fucked those sluts.

"I get it. We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

She hoped this would help to lower his guard. She wanted more, but didn't want to push her luck. First she needed to establish trust, then she could manipulate more information from him.

"I went through some similar stuff but it was more from my mom and her boyfriends. My dad died when I was six… I miss him."

Adrian felt awkward, he wasn't sure if he should press her for more information and he felt uneasy about the thought of her enjoying his torment. While he had elected to share his story, he didn't want to force anything out of her just yet. He also didn't want to feed her perverse fire. He figured if he played it cool, maybe she would give him more details. The idea of hearing more about her abuse made him feel funny. He wasn't sure if excited or horny was a better word. It was all new to him, but he liked it. He

thought about opening up more, about telling her about the time he raped a woman too, thinking maybe it would creep her out. It probably would've excited her more. He chose to keep it to himself, if she was only there to get off on his past, he didn't want to play into her game all at once.

"Two peas in a pod I guess." He shrugged.

"Yeah, two peas in a pod."

Kendra stood and walked right up to Adrian. He didn't flinch or react in any way. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed his cheek.

"Thanks for confiding in me. I'm sorry I have to go, but its getting late and my idiot mom might actually call the cops if I'm not home soon. I'll see you tomorrow for bagels."

Adrian's heart leapt with excitement and then sank a moment later. He knew if he developed feelings for the girl she would probably just leave him anyway.

"Better lock it next time or I might drop by unannounced again!"

"I'll deadbolt it from now on."

A tiny middle finger was all he saw before the door slammed shut.

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CHAPTER 10

The first time she made this walk, the sun was setting but gave off enough light to easily see. In the dark, it was a completely different story. The moon and stars were bright in the endless sky, illuminating the darkness ever so slightly. The long tendril-like shadows cast by monstrous trees all around her made her feel incredibly uneasy. She fought to push the feelings of fear and anxiety away as her footsteps seemed to echo in the quiet of the small town. She pulled her headphones over her ears and pressed shuffle, In Between by Beartooth took over her mind. Caleb Shomo's screams eased her nerves and she allowed the shuffled list to guide her.

The driveway was empty when she made it home. Relief washed over her immediately, the lack of guy number infinity's car meant she likely wouldn't have to be the main course in the evening's festivities. She had her keys out just in case but gave the thumb latch a press just to see, it was unlocked. With a low creak she didn't hear, the door slowly swung open. An abyssal darkness welcomed her inside.

"Mom?"

She pulled her headphones back and let them hang around her neck. Just Like You from Falling In Reverse still played, the audio coming out distorted through the ear cups. There was no response to her call. She ran her hand along the wall, searching for a light switch. The layout of the new home was still foreign to her. Finally her fingers brushed against the cool, smooth plastic of a switch. She pressed it and the lights in the den came to life. She looked around, trying to see if anything was amiss in the cookie

cutter home. Aside from two glasses and an empty bottle of champagne on the counter in the kitchen, she didn't see anything out of the ordinary. Who was she kidding, even the champagne, *especially the champagne,* was normal for her mother.

The sound from her headphones was just loud enough to cover for the snickering she would've otherwise heard coming from down the dark hallway.

Dani and Scott stood in the darkness of Kendra's room. They whispered excitedly about what Scott would do to Kendra that evening. When they heard the front door open, the excitement almost grew to be too much. An eruption of butterflies in Dani's gut made her almost squirm with excitement. She felt like a child again playing hide and seek. The overwhelming fear and excitement of toeing the line between staying hidden and being found filled her with a childish excitement. She fell to her knees and filled her mouth with Scott's erect cock to silence herself. Alcohol told her it would be better than sniggering quietly in the dark, but her passion for giving good head meant she was slurping and sucking at his shaft like the straw in a malt milkshake that was still a bit too frozen to easily drink.

Kendra locked the front door then pulled her headphones back on, she had put off setting up her sound system since moving in, typically opting for falling asleep with her headphones on and waking up to them cattywampus around her head. She went to the kitchen and grabbed another can of beer, the first two had faded and left the budding headache of a mild hangover in their wake. She popped the tab and drank deeply from the 16oz. craft beer can. Within seconds, a nice light buzz washed over her. She reached back into the fridge and pulled out a small pouch filled with 10mg THC gummies. Normally she didn't like to mix alcohol and weed but she was feeling euphoric from her visit with Adrian and was in a pleasant mood due to having the house to herself. She bit into the gummy and tore away half, chewing it cautiously before shrugging and popping the rest of it into her mouth.

She walked down the hallway and picked up her phone. The buzz sent a bolt of excitement through her body straight into her ass. She unlocked it as she shuffled towards her room in the dark. Two Weeks by All That Remains was blaring in her ears when she simultaneously opened the door and read the text.

"Excited for Bagels tomorrow. See you there."

She smiled at her phone. For a girl who felt no emotion, she sure felt like a soft bitch seeing Adrian's texts come through. She flicked her light on.

The sweeping guitar solo almost completely drowned out the sound of the outside of her brow bone shattering. The strange crunching noise and acute pressure on the left side of her face caught her so off guard she didn't even feel the blow. Her headphones fell to the ground and reality came screaming into her ears.

Dani put on her best act and screamed.

"Why the *FUCK* did you hit her?!"

Her mother sounded worried.

What the hell is going on? Why does my head feel like a balloon? Who got hit? What's running down my face? Is that fucking blood?

A second flash of pain came across her cheek and clipped her nose. Blood erupted from her nostrils and her head vibrated. She was hardly able to register that Scott had sucker punched her twice in the face while her mother screamed at him before she fell unconscious.

Scott nudged Kendra's limp body with his foot, she snored but otherwise didn't react. He grinned at Dani who batted her eyes and smiled back.

"Did I do a good job acting, baby?"

"You're a fuckin' natural, sweetheart!"

Dani sauntered ahead, seductively swaying her hips as Scott drug Kendra down the hallway to the master bedroom. He hefted her up into his arms and threw her onto the bed where Dani was waiting with leather strap cuffs. Together they locked the girl into place.

"Wake her up."

Dani was in the midst of undressing when Scott issued the command. She smiled and let her skirt fall, then pulled down her black lace thong before stepping out of the pile of clothes wearing nothing but heels. She caressed his chest.

"How do you want me to do that?"

She played with his tie then turned to face away from him, bending over and rubbing her bare ass against his boxers. She could feel his well above average penis jumping with excitement.

He spanked her, hard. The slap jolted her a little but a few bottles of champagne from earlier numbed the pain and cranked up the excitement.

"I want you to piss in her face."

She walked over to the bed.

"Yes, daddy. But you're buying me new sheets."

She climbed up onto the bed where Kendra lay, still fully clothed, and squatted over her daughter's face.

Kendra struggled to open her eyes against the jet of hot acrid smelling liquid that sprayed up her nose, and into her eyes and mouth. She coughed and wheezed before dry heaving. When there was no more piss in her mother's bladder she was able to see what was happening. Her psychotic mother's still dribbling pussy was inches from her face. The realization that she just got waterboarded R. Kelly-style and she was mere inches from the hellish opening she crawled out of 17 years ago made her both nauseous and beyond pissed off. She screamed. The words made no sense, but she didn't care. Everything that had ever happened to her had been wrong, but this was far and beyond crossing the line. She looked around the room. Scott was sitting in the corner, naked, stroking his erect penis and laughing at the humiliation.

"You're awake! Good!"

He stood and walked over. A metallic glint showed in his hand but Kendra couldn't make out what it was. He crawled onto the bed with her mother who was now sitting on her knees, watching excitedly as he joined her. He pushed the button forward and held up a box cutter for Kendra to see. She felt dizzy, her head was throbbing and she could see crimson as blood trickled across her vision from where he had split the skin and broken the bone of her eye socket and nose. Each tiny movement was accompanied by a throbbing pain that felt like taking the vicious punches over and over again.

Instead of looping under and cutting with the blade facing away from her body, Scott simply pulled the collar of Kendra's shirt taut and began cutting a line down her torso. The blade bit into her flesh in some spots, but it was so thin and quick that she hardly felt it. Rivulets of blood surfaced as he threw her shirt open, exposing her breasts. While Scott marveled at her naked chest, her mother yanked her leggings down, peeling away her underwear at the same time.

"Fuck you!"

Scott pressed a finger to his lips to shush her. He ran the same finger across her lips and then cupped her face gently.

"I'm sorry I had to hurt you, your mother told me you'd be willing but I sort of have a thing… Consent is boring."

Kendra looked over to her mother with desperation in her eyes. She was a cornered animal, terrified of what was to happen next.

"Mom… please. Hel-"

Her groveling was cut short by a powerful backhand.

"No fucking talking!"

Scott had a wild look in his eye, a predator that was ready to attack. He maneuvered himself towards her legs, which she twisted together and locked shut. He tsk'ed her as if she was a disobedient child and dug the blade deep into the flesh of her inner thigh, dragging it up from just above her knee to just below her groin. She yelped,

as hot tears began to stream freely down her reddened and bruising cheeks. The evil man pried her legs open, then spit on her crotch, rubbing the bulbous tip of his thick veiny penis in the saliva before pressing himself into the folds of her vagina. She tried to wriggle away but he shoved her bloody legs up into her chest and slammed his pelvis into hers. It felt like a fire erupted inside of her vagina as his giant dry cock forced its way into her. She hated that her body's reaction to the invasion was to get wet, but she also knew she was bleeding internally. Every time he rocked back, she could see a mixture of her blood and vaginal fluids coating his wiry pubes.

She tried to act like the violation wasn't affecting her but her dead stare and lifeless composure only seemed to elevate the event for Scott. He pinched and prodded at her nipples, bit her neck and choked her. He pulled his bloody erection from inside her and when she thought he was about to blast one across her tits, he pushed himself up against her asshole. She had never been ass-fucked before and dreaded the idea of it. She screamed for him to stop.

"I. Told. You. To. Shut. The. Fuck. Up!"

Each word was punctuated with a punch in the ribs, the last two were haymakers across her already bruised and swelling face. She once again felt her consciousness slip away. She was thankful for the forced intermission to her abuse, She disappeared into the abyss as he forced his way into her ass.

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CHAPTER 11

A loud, high pitched sound accompanied the sunlight as it shone directly into Kendra's eyes when she awoke. The blinding light and tinnitus was punctuated by a pulsing pain that pinged from her head to her ribs, then down to her crotch and ass. She felt like she'd been run over by a pickup truck. Flashes of memories of the night before made her feel sick to her stomach, the minimal contents of her gut churned as the spinning of her world around her finally eased to a stop. She was back in her own bed and groaned as she pulled back the covers.

She wasn't surprised by what she had found beneath the sheets, but shocked at how *much* of it there was. She was in a pool of blood. Dried bits of it clung to her skin and peeled away painfully as she tried to move. The rancid concoction of shit and blood blasted her nostrils and dominated her senses. She began to cry, the pain and embarrassment were too much for her. She couldn't believe she had been brutally beaten and raped, and that her own mother had helped facilitate the entire thing. She thought back to the night before they moved North, when they sat quietly at the diner trying to get away from the area that Kendra had defiled in her rage. She repeated the promise every day and every night since then.

If you ever put me in that situation again, I'll kill him first. Then, I'll fucking kill you.

She couldn't keep living like this. The abuse had gone on for far too long, and the gig was up. Her mother had made a monster, and she was going to reap what she sowed.

***

Adrian checked his phone, he had arrived at the bagel shop early, finding a seat in the sun room and blocking a spot next to him for Kendra. He waited patiently for her to come walking through the door. He imagined her in the outfit she wore to her first day at school. He thought about how the sun would reflect off of her golden hair and hoped she would look around and spot him, then smile. It was a nice daydream. Something he had never really had before. The girl took no time whatsoever in breaking his shell, exposing him for who he truly was. Vivid flashes of the creatures he mutilated and fucked forced their way into his subconscious, ruining the daydream and reminding him that he had too many demons to be happy. It was a nice thought, but she never showed up.

There was no response from Kendra; his "Hey, I got us a spot!" went unanswered. He noticed that she had turned on her read receipts the night before. Had he done something wrong? Did she turn them off? Was she hurt?

He gave it until 11:30 before giving up. He went to stand in line, but had lost his appetite. Solemnly, he left the shop and headed back home.

***

"Fuck!"

Kendra screamed as she peeled her leg away from the blood and shit drenched bedsheet. The wounds opened back up, allowing the vivid red liquid to dribble down her inner thigh. She managed to swing her legs off of the bed and tried to stand. Vertigo struck like one of Scott's punches and she found herself thankful that she fell backwards instead of toppling forward. The sudden action of falling back on her butt sent a lightning rod of pain through her body from her brutally violated asshole. She yelped and cried more, forcing herself to stand. She took a moment to balance before gingerly attempting a small shuffle forward. Each step forward was a test of her willpower and mental fortitude. Aches and pains popped like balloons throughout her entire body. Her face felt lopsided and heavy. She was almost too scared to look at herself.

The creature that looked back at her sent chills down her spine. She was almost unrecognizable. Her face had swollen and turned angry hues of purple and red. Gashes where Scott's knuckles had split her skin sported brownish scabs that wept pus and blood. Her mascara completed her demented and mutilated clown ensemble. The gashes and swelling were her makeup. She felt like a fool for being such a brat the day before, no doubt her nakedness and beer chugging right in the vile man's face exuded some level of asking for it.

The rest of her body was more of the same. Her nipples were puffy and red, teeth marks decorated her breasts and splotches of purple and yellow covered her torso. Her vagina was inflamed and throbbed in tempo with her heart. She turned around carefully and bent forward, her neck bones popped as she craned to see what had become of her backside. Her asshole hadn't prolapsed but it too was swollen and red. Spots of dried blood and shit covered the backs of her legs. The tears continued to flow as she hobbled down the hallway of the deserted home to take a shower. Her phone lay face down on the ground by the door, she didn't pick it up. She *couldn't* pick it up.

The water that ran down the drain started as a dark red but quickly faded to a light pink and finally was clear. She had to be extremely careful about washing her hair and cleaning her face. Even the smallest touch to her bruised and bloody temple would cause her vision to momentarily blacken. Once she was out and had lightly toweled off, she opened the lid of the toilet and heaved. Her frothy vomit mostly made it into the bowl, but chunks of unprocessed food and bile decorated the toilet, wall, and floor around it. She didn't bother to clean it.

She brushed her teeth and rinsed her mouth. Just as she was about to exit the bathroom, she felt something inside of her body begin to move down before slipping from between her lips. It ran down her leg. She wretched violently then threw up in the sink, spattering the mirror with stomach acid. She hurried back into the shower and used the shower head to shoot warm water up at her vagina, trying her best to wash away the fact that Scott had cum inside her. Feelings of nausea and self loathing at the fact that something so vile had happened erupted within her. Thoughts of suicide screamed inside of her mind. She considered it, but she *had* to make Scott and her mother pay for the violation.

After a few attempts, Kendra managed to pick up her phone without falling over. She had no concept of what time it was and when she awoke the screen, her heart plummeted. It was almost noon. She had not developed any real feelings for the boy, not that she could understand what caring about someone felt like, but she couldn't place the uneasiness that settled in her gut. She read the two texts Adrian had sent her.

"Hey, I got us a spot!" And, "If you weren't going to come, you could've at least told me. Don't worry, I'm used to it."

She quickly typed up a message and hit send. It sent blue but never said delivered. After a moment it turned green. "Sent as text message" appeared beneath it.

Fuck

She threw caution to the wind, tapping the contact icon she hit "call" and brought the phone up to her ear. Straight to voicemail. She began to feel like she was going to throw up again. She called a second time, then a third. On the fourth attempt it rang three times then went to voicemail again.

Fuck, fuck, FUCK!

She got dressed and hobbled out of her house, leaving the front door unlocked.

***

Adrian looked at his phone, a text from Kendra came through.

"Hey"

He glared at the phone and stuck it back in his pocket. He didn't have enough service to send a response, even if he wanted to. He turned down his driveway and headed for the front door. Just as he started up the steps a call from Kendra came in, he forwarded it. He walked up the stairs. Another call came in, he ignored that one too. He unlocked the last room on the left. A third call, forwarded. He began packing his bag. A fourth call came. He watched his phone dance around as he pulled chilled rat carcasses out from the fridge beneath the table. He forwarded it.

He grabbed everything he would need for his journey into the woods. It had been a week since he last went out to blow off some steam. He unpinned a sketch from the wall and rolled it up before slipping it into a protective tube and adding it to the contents of his backpack. He made sure he had everything else he would need and then locked the door and headed

downstairs. He changed into the only raggedy clothes he owned, a worn pair of sweatpants and a well used hoodie. He went to the kitchen and grabbed a few water bottles then headed out to the garage where he did a final check of his bag, the nearly two dozen dead rodents had caused it to smell dreadful.

After pulling on his muck boots, he was out the door and onto a small path through the yard that went into the tree line at the back of the property. Without a mother or father to worry about, he had dropped the habit of checking his surroundings before entering the woods. Had he looked around, even for just a moment, he'd have seen Kendra standing by the house, watching him.

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CHAPTER 12

Kendra wanted to call out to him, tell him she was sorry, but she had a feeling Adrian was up to something. She was too intrigued to not follow him into the woods, no matter how much it hurt.

Every step was agony. Her body had endured so much torment in the past twelve hours that her brain began ignoring the pain signals as they lit up all over her body. What had started out as excruciating pain that felt like bones breaking and fire licking at her flesh with every movement, had devolved into a dull thrumming of aches. It still felt terrible, but barring any sudden jolts or falls, she would manage.

The small trail she followed seemed like it had been cut from the earth by Adrian himself, a decade of following it had created a well compacted walkway between trees and ferns; there were even places that had been obviously hacked away by a machete. She felt as though the ground she walked on was sacred. It followed the natural disarray of the earth, climbing small hills and descending into shallow valleys. It was a beautiful trail that at one point followed a small stream, the rush of the water was muted by Kendra's swollen ears but she enjoyed it all the same. Birds chirped and the forest was alive with sounds, where normally this would feel threatening to her, something about this trail made her feel safe. It was Adrian's trail.

She continued on for what felt like hours, but was only maybe twenty or thirty minutes. The forest around her had grown more dense and eerie, the sun still shone through the tall redwood trees but something felt *off*. Where there had once been vibrancy and an abundance of sounds, there was now

total silence, and a chill had settled in the air. The colors felt muted here somehow. When the increase in her heart rate told her she was close to her destination, she slowed to a tiptoe.

She came upon a clearing at the center of which was a large rock with a flat surface. It resembled a table.

Or an altar.

Adrian was unpacking his bag onto it. She stepped back, opting to watch from the shadows and hoping to not get caught.

She watched him remove a clear tackle box from one of the front zippers and place it to his right. Then he pulled a bundle of tools bound in a leather wrap and set that to the left. Finally, he unzipped the large compartment and upturned the backpack. The putrid odor of death washed over the clearing and hit Kendra hard in the senses. She fought back a gag. Adrian unceremoniously tossed the bag aside and she saw that he had dumped out a pile of dead rats. She wasn't ready for what happened next.

***

Adrian set himself to work, preparing for his masterpiece. The pile of lifeless decaying bodies got him excited. He unrolled his sketch and held it down with rocks at each corner, then set out with picking the best subjects to star in his creation.

Normally he would build his vile scenes on a piece of plywood so he could take it home with him, but this time he felt like leaving it in the clearing, as a sort of offering. The woods were still and silent, not even bugs could be heard here. Even the smallest of creatures stayed far away from this vile place.

The largest rat in the bunch was used as the centerpiece. He cut a jagged line that zig-zagged from its sternum down to its tiny rat pelvis. He peeled back the flaps and drove fish hooks through the sallow rotting flesh, three on each side.

He ran wire through the eyelets of each hook and, gripping it with pliers, twisted it until it was tightly coiled around itself. He left the long ends of the wires uncut.

Next, he selected six more plump rats. He used wire and pins to force them into a standing position. He also spent some time using wire to hold each of their mouths in a wicked grin. Then, he carefully positioned the

standing rats around their victim, mocking up where they would be in the finished piece.

Adrian ran the ends of the long wires attached to the hooks through the paws of the standing rats, tying them in place and cutting away the excess. His final result was a grotesque display of torment. Six evil rats laughed hysterically as they yanked on the hooks that peeled away the flesh of their victim, causing the larger rat's insides to fall from its rancid gut. He was amused by his creation but it lacked something.

***

Kendra watched in grim awe as Adrian finished his little scene of rodent torture. He sure was creative, she had to give him that. It seemed as though he was unhappy with something, though. He stuck his hand into the pile and pulled out two more bodies.

She watched him press a box cutter into one of their necks, sawing at the tiny throat until he had separated its head from its body. Foul black juices ran from the beheaded corpse, it didn't bother her. She was fascinated by Adrian's activity. When she had first learned of him, she had a feeling that he, like her, had a dark side. She was elated to find that he enjoyed violating the corpses of rats and probably other vermin.

Adrian wedged a pin into the decapitated rat's tiny mouth to hold it open. He then stuffed the head into the blackened decaying guts of the tortured rat. She saw where he was going with the scene when he began prepping the final rat in the same way as he had the rats standing on the outside of the circle. The difference being that this one had both arms forward, and was leaned back, looking up at the sky. Once it was placed, her suspicions were validated.

The final rat stood over the bisected body of its victim. It held the head that protruded from the carrion and skull fucked it while its minions yanked and pulled at the hooks that tore the center rat's body open. Kendra found herself excited by the horror Adrian had created.

Adrian took one of the bodies from the pile and dropped it to the ground, rolling it under the sole of his boot like a lime that he was preparing to juice. He pulverized the tiny creature's insides, rotting fluids oozed from every one of its orifices. He picked it up and held it over the scene he created with his left hand. With his right, he plunged the box cutter into its

limp body and yanked down. The pulpy brown insides cascaded over his work of art, adding the final vile touch to his creation.

He laughed and pulverized more rats, placing them in a neat pile. When the last one was ready for juicing, he stripped naked. He held the first rat up over his head, cackling as he squeezed it with all of his might. It erupted, putrid fluids streamed from its tiny asshole, covering his face in gore. The rancid mixture tasted good on his tongue. He felt his cock stiffen with excitement.

Kendra watched Adrian, her jaw on the floor as he repeated the process of squeezing and smashing the pulverized rats over his head. Their rotting fluids sluiced over his rippling muscles and covered him in a pungent brown chunky fluid that looked like diarrhea. She grinned, partaking in the moment he was having, binding herself to him as she reached inside her pants and carefully slipped a finger into her throbbing pussy.

She was both soaking wet and bleeding, but the scene before her was too incredible. She couldn't *not* touch herself. She watched with glee as Adrian took the final rat and pushed its limp body down on his middle finger until it punched straight up into its tiny rat asshole, tearing the decrepit flesh, opening it up and allowing the rotten pulp to drain from within.

He slid the hollowed out carcass onto his shaft like a toddler might wear a sock puppet on their arm. He waved his erect rat cock around laughing hysterically. Kendra had to bite her tongue to stop herself from laughing as well. She worked her clit and fingered herself while Adrian used the rat's defiled corpse as a flesh light.

It only took a handful of strokes before a geyser of cum ejected in spectacular fashion from the rat's mouth. Thick hot ropes of sticky cum covered the deviant creation he had made. It dribbled down the bodies of the display, most of it landing on the mutilated monstrous rat in the center.

Her orgasm came at the exact moment as Adrian's. If he hadn't been distracted by blasting a fat load all over his hellish taxidermy art piece, he probably would've heard the shuddering gasps she let loose as she came too, gushing into her already soaked panties.

She slowly recovered from the euphoria of her moment shared with the unknowing boy, and then began to make her way back along the trail, planning to wait for him in his home. After what she had seen him do, she had a feeling that it wouldn't take much convincing to get his help in ending

Scott and her mother's lives. She would need to be careful about how to approach it but she had the entire walk back to his house to figure that out.

As she walked along, she thought about what she had just witnessed. The bizarre nature of the ritual, the deviant beauty of Adrian's creation, the incredible amount of scars that covered his skin. She was becoming more obsessed with him with every passing moment. After a short distance, the world around her came back to life. Birds sang and squawked as she passed beneath their homes, ferns and branches rustled in the wind, the smell of death finally dissipated and was replaced by the earthy aroma of the forest.

Somewhere around the halfway point of the trail, just next to the stream, she tripped on a root. The ground came up to meet her with dazzling speed. The pain that followed caused her vision to grow fuzzy. She could feel hot blood pooling around her head. She had just long enough to register the pain before everything went black.

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CHAPTER 13

Adrian wiped off the fetid fluids as best he could before getting dressed again. He felt zero shame for what he had just done, but was confused by his own behavior. Fucking the rotting corpse of one of his subjects was something he did often, but pulverizing the leftover bodies and covering himself with their liquified insides was something he'd never considered.

He shook his head and laughed, muttering to himself as he packed up his things. He took one last look at the decaying fruits of his labor and smiled, a warm feeling cascaded over him as he turned and headed for home.

Confusion was the first thought that struck when he saw the girl's seemingly lifeless body laying across his path. There was blood all around her head. It was only after he knelt down to check her pulse that he realized the swollen face of the severely beaten girl was Kendra.

What in the fuck are you doing all the way out here?

He placed two fingers on her jugular and found her pulse. She was alive. He put her arms over his shoulder and hefted her up, letting her body dangle limply with her head at his back. He carried her home, birds chirping in the dazzling sunlight as it illuminated the forest around them.

Once inside, Adrian lay Kendra down on a sun chair in the main cavity of the garage. She was snoring gently when he left her to start a hot shower for himself. He stripped down and walked into the steaming water, using pumice soap to scrub at every inch of his body. After several hair washes, the odor of death still clung to him. He put it off for the time being, deciding he'd handle it later by using vinegar in his shampoo.

When he cut the water and stepped out to towel off, he saw that Kendra was awake. She was lying on her side, watching him. Her face was badly mangled, but she was still able to give him a small sheepish smile.

"You look like hell."

His insult was a jest, the thought of her standing him up washed away with the vile acts he had performed in the clearing. It was obvious she had been through the ringer, he was curious about what happened. He thought about how good it would probably feel to hurt whoever had done this to her.

"You smell like hell."

Her voice was hoarse, as if she had been screaming, crying, and chain smoking cigarettes all night. He didn't put it past her.

"Yeah yeah, good one. I had to uh, bury something dead I found."

"Uhhhh yeah, no. I saw you out there. It seems more likely you were digging up the dead to fuck it instead of burying it where your pecker couldn't reach."

He blushed, the feelings of unease and embarrassment came flooding over him like a tsunami. He couldn't come up with an excuse, and the way she was smiling at him made it harder for him to focus.

"It was hot, I wouldn't mind watching it all over again."

He stumbled over his words as he tried to change the subject.

"So, what the fuck happened to you?"

She sat up, reaching her arms towards the ceiling like a child asking for "uppies".

"Help me get cleaned up and I'll tell you all about it. But watch yourself, no funny business."

She screwed up her face as if she was scolding a child, pointing at him menacingly. He smiled as he crossed the room. He pulled her dirty hoodie up over her head, her bare breasts greeted him. He tried not to stare but he struggled to look away. Kendra's tits were the first he'd seen of a girl his own age. Hell, hers were the only pair he'd seen that belonged to a woman under forty. They were covered with bites and bruises, one of her nipples was swollen badly and looked as though it had been bleeding. He couldn't help the fact that the sight excited him, although the revelation made him feel guilty.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and he helped her stand. She leaned on him as he pulled her legs out from her sweat pants. They peeled away, sticky and wet with what he assumed was blood and sweat. A long

jagged cut ran from her knee to her pelvis. As he stood back up, he made eye contact with her mangled vagina.

His mind buzzed with the memories of women his father had raped while forcing him to watch. The monster of a man would beat them and cackle as they squirmed and cried. He often fucked them as hard as he could, smashing his pelvis into theirs, sometimes causing them to bleed both internally *and* externally. When he was done, he would try to force Adrian to fuck them too. He was disgusted by his father's behavior, he was also repulsed by the often bloody inflamed vaginas that his father would stuff his face into. On more than one occasion, Chris had forced his son to eat the cream pie he left in a prostitute's filthy pussy, making jokes about how it'd help him grow some hair on his chest. Only once did Adrian succumb to the invitation of taking his old man's sloppy seconds. She had been beaten bloody, but when Adrian approached, she told him it was okay, to listen to his daddy and do the deed.

When he stood, he had tears in his eyes. He hadn't registered that he was crying. Kendra looked concerned, for once the look on her face was translated in her eyes. He wiped the tears away with the back of his hand and took a breath.

"Come on, let's wash you up so you can tell me what happened to you."

He supported her as the two of them made their way towards the shower. When they got there, he turned it on and looked down at Kendra, surprised to see she had been looking up at him.

"I did something stupid… I put myself in a situation and got what I deserved."

Her tone was oozing with sorrow. Adrian was conflicted, his heart broke as he looked down at her but at the same time he still had an annoyed sense she had latched onto him out of an interest in his past. He pushed the thoughts away and focused on the abuse she had been subjected to. He recognized it, remembering the first time his father had beaten him then sodomized him with a broom handle.

"Nobody deserves this. Who did it?"

He helped her into the shower, letting his own towel fall to the floor so he could join her. He was aroused by her nakedness. The softness of her flesh was intoxicating, but everything about this moment was wrong. She pulled him into a tight hug. He could feel her shuddering against him as she began to sob. He held her for as long as it took, gently rubbing her back. When she

was done, she looked up into his eyes once again. Her own had gone red and puffy.

"It was my mom and her new fucking boyfriend."

Instead of elaborating, she grabbed a bottle of body wash and thrust it into Adrian's hand.

"Please, be gentle. Everything hurts."

He washed her as thoroughly as he felt he could. He did his best not to touch her sexually. Even in this moment of sadness and vulnerability, she giggled. He was avoiding her breasts. She grabbed his hands and pulled them up to her chest, showing him how to massage the body wash carefully to avoid further adding to the bruises. The remainder of their shared shower was in high enough spirits. As badly as Adrian wanted to pull her in and kiss her, he decided to wait. He wanted the tension between them to grow before he made things physical with her. He wanted to be sure he had her trust locked firmly in his grasp. As much as he was beginning to like the girl, her focus on his trauma bothered him. He refused to show it, but he wasn't fully sold on Kendra just yet.

After they had both dried off, they went inside where Adrian led Kendra to the couch in the living room. He left her there to find her a fresh pair of clothes. When he returned carrying a brand new pair of black sweat pants and a faded red hoodie, she smiled.

"Oh thank fuck, I was worried you were going to bring me some of your mom's old stuff or something."

He gave her a cheeky smile.

"What, you don't wanna wear the shirt my mom was murdered in?"

They both laughed while Kendra got dressed. Adrian liked seeing her in his clothes. His heart fluttered with excitement when she closed the gap between them and gave him another hug.

"Thank you"

The statement was muffled as she had spoken directly into the fabric of the hoodie he was wearing. Normally he would be wearing the red one, but he opted for something different so Kendra could have the more cozy outfit. When she released him, they shared a silent moment. He felt awkward for the first time and hurried to pick up her towel so he could hang it up.

When he returned from the hallway bathroom, Kendra had vacated the living room. Poking his head around the corner he saw that she had taken up residence at the countertop on what he now considered to be *her* stool.

He joined her and instantly busied himself with making her a mug of hot chocolate. She didn't ask what he was doing, just sat there and watched.

When he placed the mug in front of her, she giggled and clapped excitedly, then frowned and crossed her arms.

"What, no whipped cream? What sort of business are you trying to run here?!"

"The kind where I serve what I want, *how* I want!"

He matched her glare, crossing his arms too. She didn't budge. He gave up and turned to the fridge, pulling it open to grab a can of whipped cream.

"Tell me when."

Kendra's expression softened but she didn't say a word as the mountain grew. He called her bluff, entombing the hot chocolate in the fluffy white mound of sugary cream. As the can began to sputter and spit, Kendra finally smiled.

"When!"

He leaned over the counter like an old bar keep and jabbed the tip of the can at the mess he'd made.

"You better not waste my damn whipped cream, pretty lady. Your marbles must be all the way lost if you think we can afford to be wasteful in this economy!"

Kendra happily lapped up the delicious fluff. She had never gotten to be so silly before. Ever since she was young, her life and innocence had been stolen from her. Dark thoughts swirled around in her head but she pushed them aside and focused on Adrian instead. He was so sweet to her. Taking care of her and making sure she was alright. He was so kind for a boy who had just power fucked the rotting corpse of a rat and showered in the pulverized insides of its fellow deceased brethren. For the second time in the past couple days, the feeling of a stomach bug found its way into her gut.

A revelation sent shivers down her spine as she realized the nasty feeling was actually a good thing. Kendra, the girl without feelings, was beginning to crack. Did she *like* him? Was that even possible?

She looked up from her sticky cup of cocoa and found his eyes burrowing into her.

"I guess I should tell you why I moved here."

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CHAPTER 14

Blood was everywhere. It ran down the walls and dripped from the ceiling, pooling around Rusty's dead naked body. Kendra straddled him, moaning as she worked her way up and down on the smooth hilt of the knife she had used to hack off the dead man's cock and balls. She had buried the blade deep into the meat just above his pelvis, it was a vast improvement to his worthless penis in her opinion.

"I told you that you shouldn't have done that."

She whispered seductively into the cavernous hole that had once been Rusty's left ear, shifting her weight forward to ride the knife's hilt like a jockey on a race horse. She had never been so fucking horny in her life.

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A strange man she had never met kicked her door in, he was dragging her mother by her hair in his wake.

"Keep your fucking mouth shut and come with me. Now."

Her obviously drugged mother giggled.

"Yeah Kendra, come on! Time for some fun with mommy and daddy."

She did what she was told, following the man and her mother to the master bedroom. She wasn't necessarily afraid, but she certainly wasn't comfortable with the arrangement. Instead, she felt a sense of determination and excitement. She had prepared for this moment, knowing it was only a matter of time before things went way too far.

The man hurled her mother to the floor, spitting at her to take off her dress. She clumsily obeyed, still giggling, her chemically altered mind was unable to comprehend that this wasn't a silly little role playing date. Kendra didn't bother waiting for the man's command. She pulled off the black Fit For an Autopsy shirt she was wearing and stepped out of her booty shorts.

When her mother was finally able to escape the straps of her dress, the man grabbed the woman’s arm and threw her towards the bed.

"Jesus, Rusty. You're a bit frisky, aren't you?"

The man named Rusty turned to Kendra and flashed an evil grin.

"First, I'm gonna fuck the brains out of your whore mother. Then, I'm going to fuck you. Get on the bed. Over there."

He pointed to the far side. Kendra smiled at him, happy to obey this command. She was excited to see her mother get what was coming to her and also thought about the knife she had stashed away between the mattress and box spring. Easily available for when she would need it.

Kendra watched Rusty throat fuck her mom, he had forced her onto her back with her head lolling off the edge of the bed. She gagged and sputtered, her tits jiggled in tempo with his thrusts. He moaned like a fucking weirdo, it took all she had in her not to laugh at how fucking stupid he sounded. With his left hand, he tugged at her mother's nipples. With his right he aggressively fingered the woman, spreading her wide open for Kendra to see inside.

Kendra thought about grabbing the knife and slamming it into her mother's snatch. She wanted to watch the skin split open and bathe in blood as the floodgates opened all at once allowing crimson waves to gush violently from within. It was an entertaining thought but it would have to wait for another time. While Rusty was preoccupied, she carefully leaned over to grab her knife, keeping an eye on him as she felt around.

Rusty finally pulled his pulsing cock from her mother's throat. A thick strand of mucus came with it. Dani gasped for air as tears ran up her forehead. When he stepped back, she rolled onto her front, coughing and sputtering. Even in her heavily drugged state that continued to worsen, she was finally getting pissed. She tried to get up and get away but her body was shutting down from the powerful concoction he had fed her at the bar. She slumped forward and he climbed up behind her, pulling her ass into the air and pushing himself inside.

"You shouldn't be doing that."

Kendra's voice was monotone. Her warning had gone completely unheard, as if him stopping now would make her change her mind about killing him. He didn't respond to her, his pea sized mind was focused on just one task. It was as if he had totally forgotten Kendra was there, too excited with the fuck puppet he had created with Dani's likeness.

When he grabbed the limp woman's wrists and pulled them back so that her body arched up and backwards, Kendra made her move. The sound of slapping skin was synced with the pounding of her heart as the excitement burst inside her. She could feel herself growing wet as she watched her mother getting raped. She was enthralled by the thoughts of what she was about to do to Rusty.

His Achilles tendons called out to her. She smiled and looked down at them, the ligaments were strained as he exerted all of his efforts into pounding away at the living corpse of her mother. She lined up her attack and then slashed quickly at each tendon. With a spectacular scream and a spray of blood, the sharp knife had severed each in turn, biting deeply into the meat above his heel. His initial shock had caused him to stiffen, arching his back and dropping her mother's hands. Blood continued to bubble and boil to the surface of his destroyed ankles. Kendra drove the blade forward and up, plunging it deep into his back just below the ribs. When she pulled it out, waves of the beautiful crimson fluid came pulsing from the hole.

"You fu-ucking cunt!"

He went to turn on her but he was on his knees and she had stood, crouching behind him, pulling the knife from his back. He turned to his left, she followed his lead and strafed to her right. Before he was able to turn back the other direction, she ran the blade across the back of his neck. The slick metal dug into bone and cartilage, causing him to vomit from the pain. Foaming chunks of bloody expulsions painted Dani's limp naked body and Kendra cackled with glee.

Rusty fell forward and began seizing on her mother's back, splashing blood and vomit around the bed. He foamed at the mouth as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. Kendra pulled him over onto his side and slammed the knife down into his left temple. The thin bone crunched from the impact, breaking and allowing her blade to pierce deep into his cranium. He continued to shake violently for a short time before coming to a final rest.

Dani remained motionless on the bed, face down. She was snoring deeply. Kendra wasn't too concerned with whether or not the woman would survive the night. She was ready to have some fun.

She pulled the knife from Rusty's temple, the blow had separated his ear from his head. She picked up the cartilage filled appendage and scrutinized it mechanically before plopping it into her mouth. With a crunch it burst. The few blood filled veins that ran throughout offered a deliciously metallic flavor. She crushed the tough parts between her molars before playing with the chewy lobe between her front teeth, pushing it around her mouth like a Michelin Star chef giving their dish a blind taste test. She didn't know where the desire had come from to eat the man's greasy ear, only that she *needed* to. The wetness between her thighs intensified.

Next, she rolled him onto his back and examined him. He wasn't unpleasant to look at, his dick was nothing to write home to mother about but he was decently endowed. It was a damn shame his shaft lost all stiffness upon death. Kendra felt a pang of disappointment before another idea sent a shiver down her spine. A smile crept across her bloody lips.

She straddled him, reverse cowgirl, grinding her pussy against his hairy chest. Even through her thong, the ecstasy was euphoric. She teased herself for a few seconds before getting to work. She grabbed his shaft and scrotum, pulling them back until the skin was tight. With an expert-like precision, she took long cuts across the skin. It opened up like the red sea for Moses. Seminal fluid and blood came sluicing from the incision as she cut cleanly through Rusty's vas deferens then urethra as she neatly separated his dick and balls from his body. She pulled his testicles from his scrotal sack and plopped them one by one into her salivating mouth.

With a satisfying crunch and an explosion of salty metallic flavor, Rusty's balls popped in her mouth like macabre gushers. Semen and blood ran down her chin and she stretched her tongue down as far as she could to lap it up. She gathered the remaining fluids that had run down her chin and lathered them on her breasts. She lubricated her fingers with the bodily fluids that remained in his nut sack and played with her stiffened nipples.

Kendra picked the knife back up and held it so that the blade was pointing down and facing away from her. She took aim and brought it down with both hands into the gaping hole she had created in Rusty's pelvis. Because of his pelvic bone, she was unable to bury it to the hilt as she had planned but she opted to simply be careful. She leaned to one side and

pulled her left leg from her thong then allowed it to fall to the knee of her right. She shimmied down the dead man's bloody body and dragged her all but dripping pussy along his cooling flesh. She pulled his legs up and out, then looped hers under before carefully lining up and sitting back on the hilt of the knife.

The slick bloody hilt slid up inside her, filling her with a pleasure she had never known possible. She could feel herself vibrating as waves of ecstasy pulsed through her entire body. Normally she enjoyed this position because it meant she didn't have to look at the men she was fucking but due to what she had done, she felt as though she was doing herself a disservice as she watched Rusty's blood soaked feet wobble limply with each careful backwards thrust. She dismounted the blade, her vaginal fluids glistened as she looked back at her handiwork.

Kendra wiped the hilt clean so she could grip it easier and pulled it from Rusty's still bleeding devil's driveway. She took aim and plunged it into him once more, this time just above his pelvis. A rank odor erupted as she pierced an intestine. Her mouth split into a crimson smile, the rancid expulsion did nothing to slow her roll. She took the head of his dismembered penis in her mouth and gnawed on it as she straddled the hilt once more, able to ride it more aggressively now that the blade was deeply buried in his guts.

***

Dani woke up and slowly rolled onto her side, her head was heavy and throbbed from a brutal headache. Her throat felt like it had a terrible infection, she could feel the bruising down her esophagus from where Rusty had slammed his meat tube down her gullet but her memory was foggy; she had no recollection of the invasion.

"Good morning sleeping beauty!"

The familiar voice came as an out of breath pant. There was a crazed excitement that laced the words. She opened her eyes, the picture was fuzzy at first. She could make out a shape moving in and out of focus. The confusion spread across her face as the image began to sharpen.

Kendra tossed her head back and screamed with pleasure as she ground her clit against Rusty's abs. The hilt of the knife was pressing up against her G-spot, she was on a fucking wild ride. Blood covered her naked body from

head to toe. Streaks of it ran from the corners of her wide smile, her dilated pupils bore into Dani's as the horrors of what was happening hit her harder than the drugs from back at the bar.

Her mother's scream was the final piece to her orgasmic puzzle. The moment the blood curdling cacophony erupted from the woman's throat, Kendra's eyes rolled back so far she thought she'd see the final bits of her sanity packing up and hitting the road deep within her mind. She shuddered aggressively as waves of pleasure pulsed throughout her body, leaving a tingling numbing sensation in their path with each pass. She slid herself off of the knife, the hilt once again slick with her juices. She climbed over to straddle her mother whose body was still waking up from the drugs coursing through her veins. She bent forward and tongue kissed the shocked woman, pushing leftover bits of Rusty's cock into her mouth.

Her mom threw up immediately.

"What in the fuck is the matter with you, Kendra?!"

She crawled forward, grinding her slick vagina up her mother's body, the dumb bitch wriggled in response but couldn't shove her off. Before she climbed over and off the bed, she made sure to grind her still tingling pussy across the wretched woman's face.

As Dani gagged some more, Kendra knelt beside her on the bed and leaned in close.

"I'm getting a saw. You're going to help me hack this bag of dicks into pieces."

The dismemberment of Rusty's corpse was carried out with excitement on Kendra's behalf, and pure terror on Dani's. Dani was afraid of the girl she had birthed and raised. For the first time she began to realize that the torment she had subjected Kendra to might have turned her daughter from a sweet young innocent girl to a cold and calculated monster, capable of extreme violence with no remorse whatsoever. Still, she was too dumb to understand that this had the potential to happen again.

After spending countless hours holed up in their home, they had finally cleaned the room to a passable state. Although she wanted to spend as little time around her dumb cunt of a mother as possible, Kendra suggested going to the local diner for some food. Dani obliged, but was too sickened by what they had just finished doing to eat. She sat in silence with her crappy drip coffee and watched Kendra ravenously devour her food.

Kendra looked up and saw her mother staring at her. She gave the woman a cold smile and pointed the fork she was holding in her face.

"If you ever put me in this situation again, I'll kill him first, then I'll fucking kill you."

Her idiot mother smirked in response to the threat. Kendra would've killed her right then and there if they were home. She knew the threat fell upon deaf ears. When the inevitable moment came once again, she vowed she would be ready.

"I don't think we can live here anymore, Kendra. We're moving."

Kendra shrugged in response, she hated Los Angeles anyway. She was ready for a change of scenery.

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CHAPTER 15

Of all of the terrible things that he had ever been subjected to, nothing had made him more angry than Kendra's story. As he stood up from the counter, a terrible calmness washed over him. The desire to cause as much pain and suffering as humanly possible coursed through his veins like heroin. Kendra gave him an excited look, deep down he knew she was thinking the same thing.

"Wait here."

He walked past her into the garage. He grabbed rusted tools from the workbench, stuffing pliers, a hammer, a box cutter, a saw, and various other tools into his pack. He also grabbed a handful of thick zip ties and a bike pump, managing to miraculously zip everything up so it wouldn't spill out.

Kendra was on her feet when he re-entered the kitchen, a rictus grin had spread impossibly wide across her delicious lips.

"Are you ready?"

She nodded quickly, her eyes bulging. She reminded him of the cat from Alice in Wonderland.

***

Kendra stumbled up the steps to her front porch. Before she reached the entryway, the front door opened and her mother hurried out and pulled her inside.

Adrian walked around the side of the home, careful to stay in the shadows. He watched from behind a bush as Kendra was pulled inside, her mother looked both terrified and angry. From outside of the living room window he could see a man sitting on the couch. He was calmly sipping a drink while in the background Dani was shaking Kendra and demanding where she was.

"Where the fuck have you been? Are you insane? Going out in public like this, I never…"

The voice came through the speaker on Adrian's phone muffled and from a distance. Kendra had called him then stuck her phone in her hoodie pocket before ascending the steps to her home. More angry rambling came through but Adrian couldn't make it out. He watched Dani pace back and forth, animatedly throwing her hands in the air as she had a meltdown.

"Calm the fuck down, Mom. I went to get fresh air. I took a walk through the woods. Nobody saw me, my hood was up."

Kendra walked beyond Adrian's line of sight towards the front door.

"And learn to lock the fucking front door, what if an *insane man* comes in to hurt us?"

Adrian smiled to himself, the insinuation being that Scott had been the insane man who started the hurting, and Adrian himself would be the one who finished it.

The soft *thunk* of the deadbolt rang out into the otherwise quiet, foggy night. On the speaker of his phone, he could just barely make out the sound of the lock disengaging.

"I thought I did lock it?"

Dani's voice sounded confused but she was too hysterical to become suspicious of the behavior. Adrian thumbed the red "end call" button on his phone and slipped it into his pocket. Now, it was time to wait.

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CHAPTER 16

Kendra glared at her mother as she continued to freak out about her absence. She was shocked that the imbecile had actually expected her to stick around after what had happened the night before. She crossed her arms and patiently waited for her mother to shut the fuck up. It dawned on Kendra that maybe her mother was actually stupid enough to ignore her warning altogether, even after her twisted display of violence back in LA. The woman never considered that the abuse had continued as long as it had because Kendra allowed it to, not because she felt powerless against it. Tonight she would learn that the game could just as easily be played on Kendra's terms.

When the tirade concluded, Kendra glared at her mother.

"Great, can I go to bed now?"

Her mom stopped her pacing and slowly turned to her, a wild look glinted in her eye.

"Oh, sweetheart. You don't really think you get to go to bed unpunished, do you?"

"Didn't get enough of a power trip last night, huh? Mom, if you do this, there is no going back. Are you sure this is how you want things to end?"

Scott came into the room and stood behind the crazed woman.

"Now Kendra, be a good girl and get in our bed. It's clear we still need to teach you some manners."

It was Kendra's turn to smile.

"As you wish, *Scott.*"

His name was expelled from her mouth with every drop of venom she could muster. She walked towards the evil pair and pushed them aside like saloon doors in an old western movie. She pulled the hoodie over her head and tossed it to the side as she looked out the window and slightly tilted her head to the boy who stood waiting beyond the glass.

Even in her beaten and broken state, Kendra looked like a mutilated runway model walking topless past the window. Adrian caught her nod and instantly put their plan into motion. He lurked towards the front door and carefully pulled it open, thankful that it was a newly built home. The hinges operated silently. He was in.

Behind her, Scott and her mother followed. She stopped halfway down the hallway to bend over seductively, pulling her pants down to reveal she was naked beneath. Her severely bruised and scabbed flesh prickled with goosebumps in the chill of the home. She could hear Scott's footsteps increase in speed as he hurried after her. The second, quieter pair fell behind and stopped.

Scott was too horny to hear Dani’s muffled gasp. He slammed the door behind him, completely forgetting Dani's existence as he chased Kendra into the master bedroom. Salivating at her ruined naked body.

Before she was able to climb the bed, she felt Scott's large hands shove her forward. She stumbled and caught herself on the edge of the mattress, bending over in the process. She knew what was coming next, but accepted that this was worth it for what she and Adrian were about to do. She bit down on her bottom lip when she felt the saliva slicked fingers force themselves inside of her. The momentary foreplay only lasted a couple of seconds before the digits were removed and she felt the tip of Scott's massive erection pressing at the lips of her still dry vagina.

With his hands gripping around Kendra's bruised hips, Scott pushed his meat into her as hard as he could, reminiscing on the first girl he had ever fucked. She had changed his life, helping him see his potential and turned him into the man he had become today.

He was a scrawny little shit back then. He sported long greasy hair, was covered in pimples, chain smoked cigarettes like they were oxygen tanks, and was pissed off at the world.

***

Night after night the beautiful girl would come into the gas station Scott worked at. He would watch her browse the candy selection before deciding on something. She almost always chose a Butterfinger bar, and almost always accompanied it with a cold Dr. Pepper. She would give him this *look* that he could never get out of his head. He could tell she wanted him, but he was unsure of how to make a move on her.

Tonight, however, was different. She grabbed a sucker, no soda, and walked up to the counter, holding the caramel apple sucker between her teeth. She slurped at it and pulled it from her mouth when he told her the total. She gave him a shy smile when he told her how beautiful she looked that evening. He flashed her a grin back, butterflies erupting in his chest. He knew that it was now or never. She thanked him for the compliment, placed the quarter and two dimes on the counter, and turned to leave.

"Fuck you are such a god damned tease."

The comment was meant to be under his breath, only for himself, but she had heard him. She turned to look over her right shoulder, a puzzled look on her face. She said nothing, then continued out the door with a jingle.

He stood there for a moment, his only point of pride in life up to that point throbbing in his dirty jeans. He usually locked the front door and jerked off after she came in, but tonight he decided to follow her and ask her out.

The night was quiet and cold, it was late and no cars were on the road. The girl was only a few steps ahead of him.

"Hey!"

She turned back to look at him again.

"You dropped something."

She approached to see what he was holding in his closed fist. When she was close enough, he lashed out, grabbing her by the fabric of her jacket. His eyes immediately shot to her ample cleavage that was on full display. She had dressed sexy for him, this was the right thing to do. He knew she came in tonight to get fucked, and he was going to rock her world.

She started to scream but he threw his elbow into her mouth, feeling her teeth loosen as they bit into his flesh. The scream became a moan of anguish as blood began to fill the fleshy pink cave of her open mouth. He yanked her, she stumbled in his wake as he led her back behind the gas station store. Cheap makeup became muddled as the tears cascaded down her cheeks. She hyperventilated as she tried to draw in more breath to

attempt a second scream. As soon as she began to release the shrill cry for help, Scott backhanded her with so much force that she fell unconscious.

He wasted no time in grabbing the deep v of her low-cut shirt, tearing it open to expose her satin black bra beneath. It was a pushup bra, but she didn't need it. He crooned in her ear as he nibbled at her ear lobe and ran his tongue up her neck.

"You're being such a good whore for daddy, you wore something sexy for our special evening."

A soft snore was all he got in response. The blood in her mouth bubbled from her lips with every exhalation, he made sure to keep her head turned to the side so she wouldn't choke on it.

He reached beneath her back and tried to unclasp her bra but fumbled with it. It was his first time after all. Feeling embarrassed even though she was passed out and nobody else could see, he pulled a knife from his pocket and cut the small square of fabric that held the cups together. It fell away and her huge tits jiggled as they were released.

When he had her pants around her ankles and legs pushed up, she awoke. She tried to scream but he had wedged a filthy rag into her mouth. She clawed at him but he just laughed as he pressed his way inside. After only three pumps, he exploded. A primal shout escaped his lips, dissipating into the night sky. He felt invigorated, he had never been so alive. He drew his hips back and his semi-hard penis flopped out. It was covered in blood.

"Damn, you were a virgin too, huh?"

The terrified girl cried silently as he left her there, he had to get back to work.

Jessica Reyes was only thirteen years old the night Scott had finally lost his virginity. He was twenty five.

Jessica was found in her room the following morning, the blood had stopped flowing from the long cut that ran between her wrist and elbow. Her single mother followed her into the afterlife before the first responders made it on scene. Her ex husband was inconsolable when he pulled up in the squad car, his fellow detective in training had to hold him back.

“You don't want to see this shit Edgar, go home.”

Scott grabbed his few belongings and hit the road that same day when he saw the girl’s suicide on the news. He didn't stop until he made it across the country and started a new life as a small town California boy in Miami Florida.

***

The door behind Scott burst open mid stroke, totally fucking up his tempo.

"Fuck I totally forgot you were here sweetheart, sorry!"

A muffled whimper caused him to turn his head. Dani was naked, her wrists were bound behind her back and her mouth covered with duct tape. The boy behind her gave her a hard shove, the smile on his face stretched so wide it re-opened the split skin on the bridge of his shattered nose.

Dani's body slammed into Scott, knocking him out of Kendra's pussy with a wet pop. He regained his balance quickly, but it wasn't quite quick enough. With a flash, Adrian brought the flat side of a hammer across his temple. He was dreaming before his body hit the floor. The memory of his night with Jessica behind the gas station replayed once again in his mind, except this time when he was raping her, the strange boy's horrible grin was plastered across her face. She laughed at him as he struggled to get hard, spiders crawled from her mouth and black blood oozed from her eyeballs as they rolled back into her head.

"What's wrong big boy? Can't get that fat fuckin' cock hard for me anymore?"

Scott had crumpled to the floor, soft moans escaped his lips as his nightmare plagued him.

Kendra helped Adrian drag Scott's limp body to the end of the bed where a pillory was built into the frame. Once the large man was firmly locked in place, the couple grabbed Dani by her wrists and ankles then tossed her up on the bed where they shackled her to the headboard. Dani didn't bother thrashing, she looked like she was in another world, completely dejected. Blood was trickling down from the back of her head, running down the side of her neck.

Adrian looked around the room, from Dani's naked body attached to the headboard to the display of BDSM equipment that covered the walls, then to Scott on his knees bent over and locked by his head and hands into the medieval style device. He gave a short whistle.

"This shit is fucked, even for me."

Kendra laughed.

"I don't know if I can sign off on that sentiment, I've seen what you do with dead animals."

Dani tilted her head, confused at her daughter's words. Kendra shrugged.

"He makes them into seriously fucked up taxidermy displays and then fucks the leftover corpses. It's pretty cool."

Her mother's eyes widened with fear.

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CHAPTER 17

Adrian slipped off his backpack and plopped it on the bed. Dani watched him with crazed eyes as he opened it and began to extract his tools. While he organized the evening's entertainment, Kendra reached into Adrian's backpack and pulled out a filthy rag that smelled like rotting flesh. She balled it up and wedged it into Scott's mouth. The man was still out cold but began grunting and heaving as his eyes fluttered open and the wretched taste of animal decomposition melded onto his tongue. Kendra leaned over into his field of view with a smile, her silhouette partially blocking Adrian's preparations from the groggy man's vision.

"Last night we did things your way, but tonight…" She gave a girlish giggle. "Tonight, we do things *my* way."

The man tried to pull his head back through the hole that was too small. Panic was etched into every line of his face as he shook his hands, yanking and twisting them in an attempt to set himself free. Kendra watched him thrash, still naked. She spread her legs inches from his face and began to play with herself.

"I love making a man squirm."

The moaned statement caught Adrian's attention, he reached around from behind her and took her chin in his hand, pulling her head around to look at him. He kissed her, pressing his tongue into her mouth as she slipped a finger inside herself feeling a rush of pleasure course through her veins. As they broke apart, Adrian released her chin and they both grinned down at Scott. Kendra removed her finger from inside herself and tasted it.

"I'll have to save the rest of that for later, we have work to do!"

She grabbed the box cutter from the lineup of toys Adrian had laid out for them to play with and sauntered around the end of the bed while Adrian perused the wall of devices to see what he might want to use on Dani while Kendra had her fun.

Kendra made short work of the belt holding Scott's pants up. She pulled down his jeans to expose the pale flesh of his hairy thighs and his stained tighty whities. She couldn't help but laugh at how embarrassing this whole thing must be for the well endowed dirt bag. She flicked her thumb forward on the blade's housing and released the mechanism when the razor end was fully extended. She pressed it into the faded brown stain that ran down the crack of his ass, the slack of the fabric stretched to a point where it began to resist. With a quick prod, the blade bit through the underwear. Scott yelped when the razor pierced the skin of his intergluteal cleft- the part of his ass crack just above the hole. She dragged the knife down slowly, purposefully pushing the blade into his skin at random intervals. She reveled in his agony as each time the blade dug into his ass crack, he jumped and cried out in pain. Thin rivulets of blood began to form and trickle down the bramble of rancid smelling pubic hairs that intertwined down his meaty crack, the crimson fluid bloomed like flowers in the fabric of his ruined underwear.

Adrian found himself facing a device on the wall that looked as though it could extend and had a locking leather strap on either end. He made his way further down the wall and selected a massive dildo that had a handle on the end. With his items, he rejoined Dani. She whimpered and shook her head as he set his goodies down gently on the bed beside her, while looking into her eyes and giving her his best innocent smile. He reached out to grab her ankle that was closest to him. Dani yanked her foot out of his grasp and glared. His coy smile devolved into a demented grin. He lunged onto the bed, the sudden movement causing the shackled woman to flinch away from him.

"Two for flinching!"

Kendra laughed at the remark as Scott yelped in pain and Dani cried. Adrian drew his hand back and brought his palm up to her face with lightning speed, stopping just before he smacked her. She flinched again.

"Two more, you kinda suck at this D-uhhh. Hey Kendra, what's this stupid bitch's name again?"

"Don't you call my mother a stupid bitch! That's Dani, and she's a dumb fucking cunt, thank you!"

"Ah, Dani. Dani the dumb fucking cunt. Yes, sounds about right."

Dani glared at him as he tested her again, this time she didn't flinch.

"Good job, you're learning."

Adrian smiled at her then sat back on his heels and drank in the sight of the beautiful naked woman that was shackled up before him. He felt himself growing hard with the thought of hurting her, wondering if Kendra would be upset if he gave the monstrous woman's high mileage pussy a test drive before killing her. He shrugged to himself. Then, without lining up his shot, he lunged forward and viciously slapped Dani across the face. The red imprint of his hand remained on her pale flesh. She groaned through the duct tape over her mouth then looked back up into Adrian's eyes.

"That's one!"

Kendra's voice came merrily from behind him, the jaunty tone accented Scott's moans and yelps nicely.

While Adrian continued to teach her mother how to count to four, Kendra had made her way back over to the array of toys they had brought. She wanted to inflict as much pain upon Scott as she possibly could, her time with Rusty went by far too quickly for her liking. She grabbed the pliers and sat cross legged on the bed right in front of her captive's face.

"Gimme."

She held her left hand out in front of Scott's. He didn't move. She grabbed the bridge of his nose in the teeth of the pliers and squeezed. He screamed as the metal teeth bit into the malleable cartilage of his panty sniffer. Kendra grinned down at him as she squeezed harder and harder. With a loud *crack*, she managed to snap the bridge of his nose. Hot blood pulsed from the ruined skin as Scott wailed, tears pouring down his cheeks. Kendra laughed hysterically as she grabbed his hand and placed the pliers on the tip of his finger. The teeth bit into his fingernail and the pad of his finger tip. His eyes widened as Kendra leaned back and began to apply pressure. She placed her feet on the pillory at either side of his head, giving him another show of her now glistening swollen vagina as the skin in her legs went pale from the exertion.

Adrian turned around just in time to see Kendra topple backwards as a sickening wet pop accompanied the sound of military grade Velcro being torn apart. A hot geyser of blood ejected from the severed digit and sprayed

Across Kendra's tits as she cackled and rubbed it into her skin. Adrian's erection was pulsing in his pants now, the scene before him was just too hot. He rolled onto his back and kicked off his faded jeans. He wasn't wearing underwear beneath.

Kendra looked up from her position on her back towards the head of the bed where Adrian was wrestling off his pants. She watched excitedly as she continued to bath in the hot spurts of blood that continued to erupt onto her body. The symphony of Scott's screams was music to her ears. As Adrian managed to peel the jeans off, she rolled over onto her side and took his hard cock in her mouth. She felt his hand grip the back of her head, pressing her face further into his crotch. She was more than happy to deep throat him, feeling his pleasure was electrifying.

Behind her, Scott had managed to push the rancid towel from his bone dry mouth.

"What the actual *FUCK* is the matter with you, you crazy *FUCKING* whore?!"

Kendra ignored him, humming as she bobbed her head up and down on Adrian's erection. Adrian on the other hand pulled his cock from her mouth. She rolled out of his way onto her back and sat up as Adrian kneed his way down the bed towards Scott's floating head and hands. He threw a vicious right handed haymaker across the man's chin. He felt Scott's teeth break against his knuckles. Shards of molars ejected from his mouth and hit the wall along with a spattering of blood. Scott began to snore loudly as his eyes fluttered shut, his hands spasmed as if he was being reset to factory settings.

The violence was like an aphrodisiac to both Adrian and Kendra. He felt Kendra's sticky blood covered tits press into his back as she reached around and stroked his cock with a saliva covered bloody hand. She worked his shaft quickly while nibbling at his ear and biting hard into his neck. He felt her press a lubricated finger up into his asshole and came all over Scott's face when she toggled his go button. He lulled his head back as the stroking slowed to a stop. Kendra giggled behind him, pulling her finger from his anus and sucking on it.

He turned to her and grabbed her face in both hands, glaring into her eyes intensely. She smiled up at him and he pulled her face to his, kissing her passionately for the second time.

Dani was crying hysterically with the realization that the two deranged lunatics were going to draw out hers and Scott's deaths for as long as they saw fit. Her eyes fell to Adrian's withering erection that was now dribbling cum lazily. It was already beginning to stiffen again.

"I think I fuckin love you."

The words came from a place of passion, taking Kendra off guard as they rolled off her tongue. Adrian looked deep into her eyes, not so much as flinching when her admittance came dripping from her mouth like hot vomit. He smiled at her before kissing her again. She was his now. The words slid off his tongue with cool ease.

"I think I fuckin love you too."

She gave his semi-hard cock a squeeze.

"Back to work, pony boy!"

He smacked her on the ass then turned his attention back to Dani.

"Don't cry now beautiful, you don't wanna ruin that pretty makeup you have on."

Her mascara was running and her blush had smudged from the four vicious blows he had laid across her face earlier. She wilted at his touch when he once again grabbed her foot. She didn't resist this time as he strapped one ankle to the spreader device, then the other. Adrian raised the bar into the air, picking up Dani's legs in the process. He yanked the bar outward in each direction, extending it as far as it would go. Dani whined as it forced her legs open far enough to stop her from blocking foreign objects from invading her lippy twat.

Sensing her discomfort, Adrian leaned in with a menacing grin. He held the bar up as high as he could with one hand and used the other to support his weight so he could crawl under it. Dani's legs were spread and pushed into the air, the bar rested across his shoulders as if he was about to do a set of squats. He inhaled deeply before gently caressing Dani's roast beef sandwich with his tongue, urging it to open for him. He pressed his middle finger into her folds and felt minimal resistance before the hole sucked his finger in, gushing vaginal fluids around his knuckles in return.

"Damn, you didn't tell me your mom had a primed up little juice box over here!"

Kendra cackled.

"Well I guess I got one good thing passed down from my momma!"

Kendra was done playing with her meal. She crawled down from the bed and smacked Adrian on the ass while he was face deep in her weeping mother's pussy as she left the room. He gave her a glistening grin and a thumbs up as she winked at him. Her heart swelled with excitement. She took her time walking to the kitchen. Partially because of the immense pain she was in from the night before, and partially because she wanted to savor every moment of Scott and her mother's destruction. She ran her bloody hand along the wall, leaving a thin trail of crimson in her wake. Upon entering the kitchen she went straight to the knife block and grabbed the only *real* friend she had before meeting Adrian. The large chef's knife felt familiar in her hand. It made her feel powerful. She brought the honed blade up to eye level to inspect it, dragging the meat of her thumb across it, opening up a deep slit in the pad. Blood oozed down her hand as she smiled.

On her way back to the bedroom, she stopped in her own room for just a moment to grab her stun gun. Its electrical bite was far from capable of killing an adult, even one in as bad of shape as her mother or Scott. Still, she figured it could prove useful in keeping her subjects awake as they watched the other die.

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CHAPTER 18

Upon re-entering the room, Kendra looked at the scene that unfolded between Adrian and her mother. Blood was cascading down her chin, running down her throat and chest, pooling in her lap and running down between and around her thighs. She was currently unconscious, but that didn't stop Adrian from meticulously yanking out her teeth one by one with a pair of pliers. He had accumulated a pile of the chemically whitened gnashers at his side. He was hyper-focused on his task, not looking over at Kendra until she cleared her throat.

"Is she dead already?"

Adrian smiled up at her.

"She probably wishes! No, she's breathing. I have a plan for what to do with her when she does finally expire though."

Kendra gave a small smile and a curt nod then drew the blade across the woman's thigh, exposing the pink muscle tissue that sat just below the surface of her skin. With a jolt and a wail, Dani's eyes shot open. Her screams were no longer muffled from the duct tape, but they were strained and came at the price of further ruining her vocal chords. Foamy bile erupted from her ruined maw as Adrian yanked her back right molar. With a resounding *crack* the enamel shattered, exposing the raw nerve ending beneath. His dental patient's eyes looked as though they would explode from her skull in response. Her voice had been strained to the point of being permanently lost, a gravely crackle with no notable tone was all she could muster.

"Whoops! That was clumsy of me, sorry there Dan-a-roo."

Scott was still knocked unconscious, unable to cash in on his front row ticket to Dani's bodily destruction. Kendra made her way over to him and with a well positioned flick, struck his nose where she had broken the cartilage with her middle finger. His eyes shot open also, remaining rolled into the back of his head as he screamed into the rancid rag that was stuffed securely back into his mouth. His fingers straightened and spasmed as the waves of pain reverberated throughout his entire body.

Kendra placed the knife and stun gun down a few inches from Scott's face and picked up an x-acto knife that Adrian kept in his backpack for when his efforts called for more intricate knifework. She bit the hard plastic cap that protected the thin blade and spit it in Scott's face.

"Originally, I wanted to kill you first, making my mother watch but I think it would be a bit more entertaining for us all to watch Adrian do what he does best, don't you think?"

Tears were streaming from the middle-aged man's eyes. The sight was pitiful. Kendra scoffed at him as he begged for her forgiveness. Just twenty four hours prior, he had been balls deep in her *asshole* as she fought for consciousness. He had beaten her and cut her, mutilating her and using her holes like she was some sort of living fuck toy. Not only was she non-consenting in the games he played last night, she was a fucking *minor* and this fucking stupid asshole wanted to cry and grovel for his life after all of that? It was her turn to strike him across the face.

"Pull yourself together, you fucking pussy. You know you deserve this."

She leaned down and brought the x-acto knife up to his face, pressing it into the skin of his upper eyelid. He made the job more difficult by squeezing his eyes shut but she managed as best she could. She dragged the knife along the inner extent of his ocular bone, tracing a hole around his eye. When she finished, she expected the skin to fall away. She pinched his eyelid and tugged, the places where she had not cut clean through tore away as his muffled agonized screams pushed wafts of foul scented air into her nostrils. His terrible vomit-laced breath mixed with the rancid mixture of death secretions upon the rag in his mouth was a foul concoction even she wasn't sure she could stomach.

Blood cascaded from the gaping hole that outlined his right eyeball as Kendra got to work on his left. His brain couldn't comprehend that it could no longer close his eye, the bulbous eyeball looked frantically around the

room for a place to hide from the horrors it was now forced to watch before him.

Adrian had successfully yanked or broken all of Dani's teeth from her mouth. Her lips sank into her mouth giving her the appearance of a pretty crackhead. He was amused by the abomination he had created.

"Got ourselves a good old fashioned butterface! I'd give her body an eight but that face… woof. Nothing a paper bag wouldn't fix, eh Scott?"

Smiling, he turned around and gave Scott a bloody thumbs up. His face was splattered with blood in various stages of drying, the most recent streaks were accompanied by chunks of the vomit that was now joining the pool of crimson around Dani. The woman's breaths came in short bursts, it was clear to everyone in the room that she was dying. Adrian wanted to make sure he could pack in as much torment as possible and also wanted to make sure Kendra had a chance to get some fun in with her mother before the woman was gone forever.

"I think she's on her way out sweetheart, wanna give me a hand?"

Kendra finished yanking away Scott's other eyelids and smiled. His face was terrifying to behold but it just made Kendra laugh as he tried desperately to blink, continuing to roll his eyes around in their sockets.

"What's your plan? You're the artist!"

Adrian held up the giant dildo with a grin.

"Gonna need to lube this bad boy up first but I figure we can see how far we can get it down her throat before seeing how far we can get it up her ass. Whaddya say?"

With a crazed excitement in her eyes, Kendra swiped the fuck toy from Adrian's grip and approached the crying woman who was floating in and out of consciousness.

Adrian grabbed Dani by the lower jaw and held her mouth open, watching excitedly as Kendra traced the woman's lips with the girthy silicone member. It was so thick it hardly fit in her mouth. The deeper it went, the thicker it became. Dani sputtered and shook, trying helplessly to back away from the endless torment while Kendra continued to push the fake cock deeper into her mouth. The corners of her mouth strained against the pressure as her jaw continued to stretch beyond its natural limitation. Kendra pivoted from gently pressing the silicone deeper to all out slamming it down her mother's gullet.

Blood began to stream from the torn skin at the corners of Dani's mouth. With a mighty tear and resounding *snap* the woman's lower jaw broke away from the top. It hung loosely, allowing for the massive dildo to force its way up and down the tight throat it was jammed into. Kendra cackled as she watched the bulge push down her mother's trachea. Scott screamed as he tried to look away, unable to close his eyes no matter how badly he wanted to.

With a squelch and gurgle, Kendra pulled the blood and bile-caked dildo from her mother's throat. The stretched opening of her esophagus pumped hot chunks of vomit and blood up like an overflowing sink. The rancid concoction cascaded over the woman's destroyed jaw and dribbled down her tits. She was barely hanging on to life at that point.

"Give her a zap."

Adrian obeyed the command gleefully, poking Dani between the ribs with Kendra's stun gun and lighting her the fuck up. Her eyes screamed for mercy, the mercy of death. Instead what she got was another prod of the stun gun and a massive puke covered dildo rammed up her ass.

Blood oozed from the wrinkled skin of Dani's asshole as the pistol-gripped dildo was forced the full eighteen or so inches up to the hilt. Kendra violently rammed it in and out, slowly withdrawing it to its full stroke before swiftly ramming it back in. A massive purple bruise erupted across the skin around Dani's putrid stink star. With every slow withdrawal, hot liquid shit pushed its way around the bulbous tip, mixing with the blood between her legs. When Kendra finally pulled the toy from the forbidden depths, a hot pool of diarrhea erupted from her mother's ass. The mushy soup smelled like decades of sour milk and rotting meat were lit on fire in a dumpster then concentrated into a perfume and injected into Kendra and Adrian's nostrils.

Scott wretched violently behind them as the putrid air assaulted his sinuses. Jets of vomit exploded from his nose, the yellow-green mixture splashed into the ever-growing pool of crimson below him.

"Just about wrapped up here big dog, don't worry you're up next!"

Kendra leaned in and kissed Adrian on the cheek as he took over the facilitation of Dani's final moments.

"I'll go keep our guest of honor company while you finish up." She whispered into his ear. "Make me proud!"

Adrian responded with a smile like he was going up to bat for the first time in his debut little league game before getting started on the final touches of his horrible creation. His intent was to mimic what he had created in the forest earlier with a few modifications. As he grabbed the box cutter and got to work, muffled screams erupted from behind him as the crackle of the taser notified him that Kendra was in fact keeping Scott company. The smell of burning hair and fresh cooked ass wafted to him. She had tasered the man's asshole. Adrian chuckled to himself as he carefully hacked off Dani's nipples, wondering how terrible thirty thousand volts up the poop chute must feel. He was glad he wasn't Scott.

Kendra pulled the wadded up rag from Scott's mouth. His voice was hoarse. Like Dani, he had done so much screaming over the past few hours that he was hardly capable of making a sound that could be heard in the bathroom, let alone the neighboring home that sat a few hundred feet away. She made her way into her mother's bathroom to grab some hair ties, putting her long blonde hair that was now stained red with blood into long pigtails. She admired herself in the mirror. The swelling had not gone away, but she was so thoroughly coated in blood that her bruising was no longer visible. She gave her reflection her best toothy cheerleader smile and skipped back into the room, plopping down crisscross-applesauce next to Scott's head. She brought one of the pieces of his mutilated eye skin to her lips and nibbled at it cautiously before sucking it into her mouth and gnawing on it, rolling the rubbery tissue between her teeth like a goat.

"How *RUDE* of me! I forgot to offer you some first!"

She held one end of the flesh between her teeth and grabbed the other end with the blood-soaked pliers that were sitting a few feet away near the pile of teeth Adrian had extracted from her mother's mouth. With a violent tug, she split the meat in half. She tongued her half back into her mouth and pressed the other half she was sharing up to Scott's locked lips. Blood and saliva smeared across his face, he dry heaved as she tried to push the metallic-tasting gummy flesh into his mouth but managed to hold back another bout of vomit. She shrugged and plopped his piece back into her mouth.

"More for me I guess."

Adrian leaned back and grabbed his backpack, pulling it to his side and unzipping a side pocket. He extracted a small vial of pin needles and selected two of them with black balls on the end. Carefully he pressed each

of the pins into the very center of Dani's bloody nipples. He brought them up to her eyes and gave her a smile, she was barely awake at this point but had opened her eyes and was glaring daggers at the boy. He pressed the needle directly into the dying woman's pupil. She convulsed as yet another new sensation of the endless torture sent urgent signals to her brain. He pressed the second needle into her other eye and leaned back to admire his handiwork. Behind him, Kendra clapped excitedly. He turned to look at her, gazing upon her macabre beauty. Her long pigtails covered her stiff nipples and rivulets of blood trickled down from the corners of her mouth as she chewed on Scott's eyelids. Like a proud mother, she gave him a double thumbs up and wide mouthed smile. He got back to work.

Adrian picked the box cutter up once more and extended it to its full length. He pressed it into Dani's sternum and drew a line down through her bellybutton, ending at her pelvis. He looked around at the pile of instruments he had brought and saw the knife Kendra brought into the room. He motioned at it like a QVC hand model.

"May I?"

"Please do!"

He plunged the knife into the pilot cut he had created with the box cutter, working it in and out as he sliced into her gut. Blood cascaded from the growing hole as he hacked through muscle and tissue. The sharp knife made easy work of Dani's insides but he still had to put some serious elbow grease into the woman's destruction.

"Gimme a hand if you don't mind."

He climbed down from the bed and stood at Dani's left side. He reached towards her and pressed his fingers into the massive gash he had created. Her guts began to spill as he pulled it open like a heavy curtain. They coiled in her lap, a pile of tender uncooked sausage links ready to hit the smoker. Kendra mimed Adrian's efforts on the other side. Together they wrenched the woman's abdominal cavity open. It made a sickening tearing sound, wet plops followed as her guts came sliding from within as if they were spring loaded. Scott silently wailed, his low decibel screams devolved into a gurgling as his dinner came sluicing out of his mouth. Snot ran from his destroyed nose as he cried, begging for Adrian and Kendra to just kill him already.

"Wait your god damned turn, captain selfishness!"

Kendra released her grip on her mother's flesh flap with her right hand and wagged a bloody finger at Scott as she scolded him. His heart sank. She was fucking insane.

"Get him babe!"

Adrian also let go of his side of Dani's gut skin. The gaping hole stayed open due to the fact that all of her insides were now outside. Adrian didn't waste a moment. As Dani's breaths devolved into shallow rattling heaves, he took the rusty saw he had brought along and began hacking into her shoulder. Upon successfully separating her arm from her body, he released the cuff and brought it along as he made his way around the bed. He spanked Scott's bare ass with Dani's hand as he passed, causing the exhausted man to jump. He repeated the dismemberment of Dani's other arm.

Kendra leaned in one last time and kissed her mother on the lips as the woman expelled a final breath. With a loud wet squelch, her bowels performed one final evacuation. The swamp of blood, shit, and bile bubbled as it grew incrementally with the fresh addition of bodily fluids.

"See you in Hell, you wretched bitch."

Adrian shackled the severed ends of Dani's dismembered arms to the bed frame, making sure to crank down hard on the cuffs so they wouldn't allow the blood-lubricated flesh to slip free. He then pulled a needle and nylon fishing line from another pocket in his bag. He pressed her hands into the meaty cavern he had created and sewed them in place one by one, then went and shortened the chains on the cuffs to apply pressure, causing the woman's hands to pull her own gut open. He stepped back and put his arm over Kendra's shoulder.

Kendra leaned into the embrace and drank in the beautiful sight. What Adrian had created was art in its purest form. Using the human body in such an imaginative way brought an excited flutter to her chest.

"This is fucking incredible, Adrian."

She put her arm around his waist and gave him a tight squeeze.

"What the fuck is the matter with you two?!"

Scott was still alive and fully conscious. His tone lacked any inflection. While he had done some truly horrible things in his life, he had never seen such horrors unfold. His consciousness was shattered. All he could feel was the dull throb of pain from his ruined nose, dismembered finger, and tasered asshole. He just wanted to die already, he couldn't fathom going through

anything near as extreme as what he had just watched the psychotic duo put his girlfriend through. He wondered what his wife and daughter would say when his story hit the news. A man away on business in his hometown found dead, mutilated and tortured by his mistress' insane child and her deranged boyfriend. He figured that both his wife and daughter wouldn't even bother with a funeral after the shit he'd put them through.

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His once smoking hot wife had let herself go after the pregnancy. She lost the baby weight but no matter how much he insisted, she refused the fake tits he kept offering to buy her. He had begun to verbally abuse the woman, sometimes escalating to physical violence over the years but never leaving a mark on her that anyone else could see. That was a decade ago. Now, he would cheat on her openly and regularly. He told her it was all her fault, gaslighting her into thinking she needed to fix her shitty body to get his attention once more, but deep down he knew it wasn't just her body he had lost attraction to. It was her *age*. She had finally caved and gotten the pair of high beams he insisted upon, her once droopy mom tits sat high and tight again. She worked her ass off to get her fit and toned figure back but no matter what, he just couldn't get hard for her anymore unless he dominated her.

When he found a small pink thong on the ground in the hallway, he assumed it was his wife's. The woman was all granny panties and nude colored everything since the birth of their daughter but the sight of the pink underwear excited him. He huffed them as he carried them into their bedroom, pushing his wife over the pile of laundry she was folding. The broken woman giggled as he yanked her pajama bottoms down, rubbing her shaved pussy from the back until it dribbled with vaginal fluids. He stuffed his throbbing monster of a cock into her and took another strong whiff of the laced thong in his right hand. The slapping noises were loud and carried down the hallway where their now teenage daughter was in her room doing homework. Unaware of what they were doing, the girl entered the room and screamed twice. Once for the visual of her father railing her mom, and once for the realization that he was chewing on the crotch of her dirty underwear that must've slipped from the bundle of soiled clothes she brought into the laundry room.

Since then, Scott has been infatuated with his own daughter. He snuck into her room whenever he could to molest the poor girl, she would silently cry as he poked and prodded at her. She was fourteen when the rapes became a regular occurrence.

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No, they wouldn't even bat an eye. He supposed he should've felt remorse but the only thought he was able to muster was that it was one hell of a good run.

Kendra placed a hand gently on Scott's shoulder.

"See? Patience is a virtue. Now it's this little piggy's turn to go to the slaughterhouse."

Together, she and Adrian made short work of the man. As she had with Rusty, she took the knife and meticulously removed his dick and balls from his body. She split the fruits of her labor with Adrian, each of them getting to pop a squishy little cum ball into their mouths. They gnashed at the salty metallic treat, pressing the reserved sperm through their teeth and spitting it in Scott's face as he moaned in agony, begging for them to just kill him already. Adrian helped Kendra fasten Scott's massive hog to the bike pump with some zip ties and manned the pump, keeping a constant pressure of air pushed into the severed member while Kendra rammed it up Scott's ass. She wasn't able to get it in at first but Adrian suggested thrusting the knife into the man's stink ring before shoving his pneumatic fuck rod as deep in as she could. Blood and shit wept from the hole as she increased the tempo and ferocity of her strokes. When she finally yanked the bloody shit-caked severed shaft from Scott's asshole, it immediately turned inside out. The prolapsed flesh sock drooped and spasmed as it vomited hot shit all over the floor behind Scott. Adrian and Kendra pointed and laughed at the ruined man as he cried like a child who watched their dog get run over.

Kendra took a hammer to Scott's bicuspids as Adrian took the saw to Dani's head. He decided he wanted to make one final tweak to the creation that he and Kendra worked so hard to perfect. The saw chewed through Dani's esophageal tube making an array of wet organic noises while the hollow cracking of teeth over on Kendra's end of the bed added a staccato to the horrific ensemble. The demented duo completed their respective tasks at the same time. Adrian held up Dani's head by its hair like a prized

goldfish at the fair, then brought it up over his head and showered in the crimson juices as they dribbled from the severed ends of flesh and Dani's desecrated jaw. Scott moaned, and Kendra offered up another round of animated applause.

"Wooaaaah there big boy!"

Kendra's eyes honed in on Adrian's stiff erection as he approached her on the bed.

"I've got a special package just for you!"

She giggled as he waggled the bouncing meat in her direction.

"Where do I sign mister postman?"

Adrian dropped Dani's severed head next to Scott's. His comically bulging eyes managed to grow impossibly larger. His shattered teeth chattered together as he tried to form words, but a garbled mess of sounds were all he could muster. Kendra got on her knees and elbows, pushing her ass into the air for Adrian. She was nose to nose with Scott and licked the blood from the man's lower lip as Adrian pushed his cock up inside her drooling pussy. Scott sobbed while Kendra moaned loudly in his face, occasionally chewing aggressively on his swollen lip and pressing her tongue into his mouth. As she climaxed she bit down hard on Scott's bottom lip and tore away a chunk of his flesh. Adrian continued to hump away behind her as her eyes rolled back and blood ran from her open mouth. He leaned over her and palmed Dani's head like a basketball. Kendra read his mind and rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide for him. She took her mother's head in her hands and held it above her pelvis so Adrian could line up his shot.

Adrian pressed the head of his soldier at attention into the shredded flesh of Dani's neck. The tight muscle put up a strong fight but Kendra held the base of the woman's decapitated head firm so he could shove himself inside. He felt the skin of his cock begin to tear as he fought to gain access to the impossibly tight hole. Without warning, it finally gave way. The muscle relaxed and Adrian's penis made contact with Dani's uvula. He thrust himself in and out, playing peekaboo with the tip of his cock. Kendra leaned forward and watched excitedly while Adrian defiled her whore mother's head. He was mesmerized by the woman's nipple eyes and the slack jaw that bounced with each thrust. He felt the orgasm engulf him and with the sound of a plunger, yanked his glistening meat tenderizer from Dani's esophagus, plunging it back into Kendra's awaiting hole. She

moaned as he thrust into her. He pumped in and out of her, the ecstasy building with each stroke.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Adrian pulled out of Kendra and stroked his shaft until he emptied his load all over the girl. She giggled and moaned, putting on a show for him. She held her mother's head to her chest as ropes of the hot ejaculate spattered her and her mother's faces. Scott spat blood onto Kendra as Adrian's protein shower extended all the way to his already once cummed upon face. The man exploded in a fit of rage as the built up ecstasy between Adrian and Kendra melted away.

"Finish him off Adrian!"

Kendra held out her mother's head and Adrian connected the dots. He pushed his thumb into the hole he was fucking in Dani's severed throat, reaching his fingers into her broken jaw and clenching the woman's head in a bowling ball grip. He brought his arm high above his head then slammed it down on the back of Scott's skull with all of the force he could muster. A crack that sounded more like a gunshot exploded in the room as both Scott and Dani's skulls fractured from the impact. Scott's face was slammed forward, his neck snapped and his chin was driven hard into the pillory that imprisoned him. He went still.

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CHAPTER 19

The aftermath was spectacular. Adrian's final blow to the back of Scott's head had caused his skull to break open. Scott and Dani’s blood and brains had erupted in all directions as a result of the devastating attack. Shit and blood had been whipped around the room from Kendra's fervorous sodomizing of the man using his own dismembered shaft as a tool for his rectal destruction. Even with all of the lights giving off a red hue, the splashes and splatters that clung to the walls and dripped from the ceiling had further added to the décor of the room of doom they had created.

Dani's ruined corpse sat headless, her carrion spilling from her abdominal cavity as her own dismembered arms ripped her open. Her legs were spread but her ruined asshole and bruised vagina were hidden by a pool of liquid shit mixed with blood and vomit. The rancid mixture was already coagulating, a thin film had formed on the surface. Scott was in much of the same shitty situation. His body had slumped, causing his head and hands to have continuous tension on them as the pillory still held the three mutilated appendages in place. Bits of brain were visible through his cracked skull and blood oozed from the ruined opening. He had a pool of vomit and blood beneath his head in which sat Dani's catastrophically mutilated cranium. Her slack jaw was pushed shut but her tongue lolled out from between her toothless gums.

Adrian packed up the tools he and Kendra used to render their victim's bodies as obsolete into his foul smelling backpack. It was three in the morning when the two had finally set out for Adrian's home. Kendra was

able to change into a fresh all black outfit, Adrian wore his blood-soaked jeans and black hoodie. Together they clung to the shadows and hid in the bushes the few times they saw a car on the road. They walked in silence, their fingers intertwined as they held hands. A warm rush of excitement stirred in Kendra, this walk was no longer scary to her now that Adrian was by her side. She occasionally looked up at him, smiling to herself as she drank in his stoic demeanor.

The high of their evening festivities had worn off by the time they dragged themselves up the front steps of Adrian's home. He turned to Kendra and hefted her up into his arms. She wrapped herself around his neck and allowed him to carry her inside. Together they took a quick shower in the dimly lit garage before climbing into Adrian's bed together. They were naked and Kendra could feel him growing stiff as they spooned but he never made a move. She backed up against him as tightly as she could and let her exhaustion take her. Adrian listened to the pattern of her breathing change as she transcended into sleep. He was happy for the first time in a very long time. He cupped Kendra's breast and pulled her into him, allowing his mind to wander into dreams as he too closed his eyes.

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Adrian woke up to the smell of sizzling bacon. Freshly cooked pancakes and scrambled eggs accompanied the delicious scent that wafted into his room through the open door. His mother called for him to let him know breakfast was ready. He excitedly swung his legs over the side of the bed then slid down and landed on the rug with a soft thud. He ran into the kitchen where his dad picked him up by his armpits and swung him into a tight hug, planting a kiss on Adrian's chubby cheek. He reached out towards his mother for a good morning hug from her as well, already vomiting stories about the dreams he was having about dinosaurs and riding them through jungles.

Nancy giggled as her son's nonsensical rambling continued when she took him into her arms. They rubbed the tips of their noses together as her husband came in to make it a group hug.

"I just love my boys!"

Adrian's muffled voice came from somewhere nuzzled in her neck.

"We love you too!"

"More than anything, sweetheart."

Her husband agreed.

Nancy plopped her six year old son down in his chair at the table and placed his bright blue plastic plate in front of him.

"My, you are just growing up too damn fast. I don't know how many more Saturday morning pick up hugs I have left in me!"

Adrian's mouth moistened when he spotted that the mouse-shaped waffle was decorated with fresh raspberries, strawberries, bananas and whipped cream next to a small pile of fluffy scrambled eggs and perfectly crisped bacon. His mother's exclamation went unregistered as he wasted no time in drizzling the thick maple syrup over his pancake and cutting out a bite.

"Thanks mommy!"

Chris ruffled his son's hair as he sat down beside him.

"What a little gentleman we've got here. I think we did alright!"

Adrian gave his father a glowing smile and dug back into his breakfast, hurrying through each bite so he could be excused to rinse his plate and go watch his favorite cartoons.

The dream seamlessly transitioned. He was walking over to the living room to sit down on the couch with his dad. The man's right leg was in a cast that extended from his ankle up to his hip, his torso had been covered in bandages and his right arm was in a sling. His face drooped, the drugs he was on made him loopy but they kept the pain at bay until they began to wear off.

Seeing his father like this made Adrian sad. He wished he could help but there was nothing he could do. He didn't understand it at the time but over the years he came to realize that his dad had to go to court to settle with Fred Jacobson's Mill Yard. Due to the nature of the accident, his employer, Fred Jacobson himself, had filed disputes. Adrian was never allowed to go to the hearings but after what felt like months of watching his parents fight back and forth with the rude old fuck, he came to learn that they had lost their appeal and Fred would no longer have to pay out disability.

The loss of his claim and appeal were the final nails in Chris Meyers' coffin. He had presented all the evidence he could. He went as far as to point out that the surveillance footage had clearly been doctored but Fred's lawyers were too good. When the jury watched the obviously spliced footage of Chris "forgetting" to put the forklift in park, they had decided he had been negligent on the job.

On the grainy video, Chris had pulled up to a large stack of lumber and gotten out. The forklift began to creep forward, its fork pressed into Chris' leg just below his hip. He was screaming in the video but the CCTV didn't have audio. When the fork pressed through his flesh and the blood began spraying out in all directions, everyone in the room cringed and looked away. There was a poorly executed cut between where Chris had stopped the forklift and when he got out, the timestamp had even shown a jump in time. His claims that he set the proper safety measures in place before getting in front of the machine fell on deaf ears. The jury had made its mind up before the x-rays of his pulverized bones made it onto the projector screen in the courtroom. Fred and his lawyers had defamed him, claiming he was an alcoholic who showed up to work drunk often. This couldn't have been further from the truth but the jurors ate the lie up.

While his father had never done anything to hurt him, the outbursts he had when the pain pills wore off scared Adrian. He would wake up in the middle of the night, screaming in agony as the bones in his leg and deep gouges up his side healed. His mom did a good job of keeping the broken man medicated but he was a terror to behold anytime he missed a dosage. He became maniacal, claiming that the rat had ruined his life. The nickname belonged to his former employer.

Nancy was only able to take a month off of work to help take care of her husband. Many of her and Chris' friends offered to help but the thick skulled man vehemently refused. She knew he was embarrassed, he couldn't so much as take a shit on his own. As a nurse she was used to caring for patients with similar needs but with Chris being her husband, she could feel the self-loathing growing within him as he began to resent her. He would often talk about how she was never meant to see him like this, how he was supposed to be the one taking care of her and not the other way around. She loved doting on her man, promising it was alright, that she didn't mind but he would have none of it.

The dream skipped across weeks and months, torturing Adrian's subconscious with vivid memories of his father transforming from his best friend to an absolute fucking demon. The days where his friends would come spend the night and play with Adrian in the forest behind his home began to dwindle before snuffing out completely. Parents didn't want their children around the drunken man who had turned sour and cold to everyone he once considered friends and family.

First came the substance abuse. Self medicating with alcohol was the only way his father could handle the waking moments of his life since the doctor stopped prescribing his medley of narcotics. Nancy would often try to sneak a few of the heavy hitting pills home whenever she wasn't out of state on shift but the hospital staff all over the country in the places she worked had begun auditing every item on their incredibly long ledgers, keeping track of every little capsule that made its way into the monstrous budget of the conglomerate. She tried explaining this to her husband but he only called her names and told her how useless she was as he nursed his bottle of whatever alcoholic beverage he could muster.

When the drinking grew heavier, the verbal and physical abuse began.

Adrian was playing out in the yard when his belligerent father threw the sliding glass door open and pegged him in the back of the head with a football. The drunk cackled when Adrian stood up, rubbing the back of his head.

"You we're supposed to catch it you little queer!"

Adrian turned to face his father, tears welling in his eyes as he lost the battle to fight them back.

"Oh great, and now you're crying too? Fuck, your mother did a number on your sensitive faggot ass."

The pot-bellied man took a deep swig from the handle of Jack Daniels in his left hand and belched. His eyes crossed as he tried to focus on the twelve year old that was still fucking around with toys in the backyard.

"Ain’t you a little old for this shit? It's time to wake up and smell the pussy son, when are you gonna get yourself a little girlfriend? Maybe we can both take turns on her huh? That sounds like fun, I miss me some tight teenage box."

The dreams continued to decay into horrific nightmares that flashed memories of brutal beatings and vile acts of depravity, all of which were centered around Adrian.

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The sunlight stung as Adrian sat up in a panic, covered in sweat. Kendra's bruised chest continued to rise and fall as she gently snored. His heart momentarily swelled as he drank in her beautiful naked body. The swelling was dissipating and the bruises were beginning to yellow. He kissed her

gently on the forehead and stood up, turning back to cover her and look at her once more before going to his desk. His mind ran at a million miles per hour as the dreams he had awoken from were still seared hot in his mind's eye. He felt tears sting his eyes and sat down. He had never maintained a journal before but enjoyed writing short stories of fucked up horror that helped him recover from the exact types of nightmares he had just escaped from. He flipped to a blank page in the college ruled notebook where his stories lived and got to work.

The piece was unlike anything he had ever written. It was more of a journal entry than a story. It was the first time he had written in the first person, and the first time he had directed it towards someone, not entirely sure who his proverbial audience was. He read through it, the venomous words digging their fangs into his brain as his eyes scanned the page. There was pain in every beat of the manuscript he held. It was short but it conveyed all of his emotions, from the pain he felt to the hatred that followed. It also covered something he wasn't sure he was prepared to be introspective about just yet, it dove into feelings of love. The painful memories of his mother's broken spirit haunted him more than anything else. The incredible woman did all she could to shield Adrian from the abuse, even though she could've torn him from the home long before things had gotten as bad as they had, he was unable to fault her for it. There was no conceivable way she could've provided for a child while jumping from city to city working thirty six hour shifts. He understood that she had done the best she could and loved her for the final attempt she had made when she gave up her own life to end his torment.

He read his words again and turned in his chair to look at Kendra, seeing the girl had rolled over to face the void he left when he got up. He turned back and added a few more lines to his piece before signing it and folding it in half.

He left Kendra in his room and went to his mom's office. A room he never visited but housed exactly what he would need for his plan. He grabbed a document envelope from one of the drawers and stood for a moment to gaze at a dusty photograph of himself and his mom. It was torn in half, part of an arm could still be seen but the rest of his dad was gone from the image. He quietly closed the door behind him and went back to his room.

Kendra was sitting up on the bed, her blonde hair was a mess and her eyes were still trying to focus on the world around her. She yawned when he re-entered the room.

"Mornin'."

Adrian smiled at her.

"Good morning."

"Whatcha got there?"

Adrian held up the envelope.

"This? It's a secret."

"Such a mysterious man!"

She giggled at her exclamation and watched Adrian slip the folded paper into the envelope and seal it.

He used a thick permanent marker to write a short message on the outside, then set it down and tackled Kendra onto the bed. She giggled as he nuzzled into her neck, kissing her and pushing his way into the comforter she was cocooned in.

"Slow down there Romeo, I haven't brushed my teeth yet!"

She untangled herself from the mess of blankets and sauntered from the room. Adrian watched her go, smiling from ear to ear. When she was gone, a hollowness found its way inside him. Her admittance the previous evening made him both happy and scared.

The question came from the hallway bathroom and sounded like it was asked around a mouth full of food.

"So, what's the plan, Adri-an?"

A cool excitement spread through Adrian's body as he thought about the time Tommy tried to kiss him when they were young.

Adrian didn't mind the thought of kissing boys, but Tommy seemed terrified by his own outburst. The boys were wrestling, Adrian could feel the hardon that Tommy was sporting as their young bodies bumped and grinded together. When Adrian pinned the more frail boy down, Tommy leaned up and brushed his lips before changing moods immediately. He screamed at Adrian to get off, then stood up and ran around the side of the house. Adrian followed the boy with his eyes and felt a chill run down his spine when he saw his dad leaned against the garage with a beer in his hand, the look of pure hatred burning in his eyes.

"I never thought I'd see the day my son turned into a fuckin’ fruit."

It was the last time Adrian and Tommy had ever hung out. Tommy's parents weren't like the rest of Adrian's friend's parents. They didn't give a shit what Tommy did or who he hung out with. Both Tommy's mother and father were alcoholics. Chris was their type of people.

Adrian understood why Tommy was such an asshole. Beyond his parents being just as bad as his own father, Tommy fought the shame of his budding homosexuality and took it out on people around him. His sidekick, Devin, would hold Adrian down while Tommy wailed on him. It became a daily ritual. Adrian grew to hate his old friend.

"It's about time I stand up to my bullies, and I know just how and when to do it. Are you up for another night of fun?"

Kendra reappeared in the doorway, she had put her hair up in the sexy pigtails once more, her naked body leaned seductively against the frame of the door.

"Do we have to wait until tonight to have fun?"

It was the best Monday Adrian ever had. Aside from trying to set a record for most orgasms in a single day, they talked about their plans for Tommy and Devin. Kendra had a target of her own that she was interested in but seeing as this evening was ultimately Adrian's idea, she wanted to make sure his plans came to fruition before she even brought hers up.

As they packed up Adrian's backpack, adding a few fresh essentials to the array of tools, Kendra thought more about what she had uncovered about Ms. Kunst.

Ms. Cunt.

The woman at the very least had a secret. But if what Kendra believed about her was true, she deserved an end that was just as grisly as her mother's.

Adrian looked back at his envelope before they left his room. He decided he would be back for it later. He wanted to bring it with him when he went to see The Rat.

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CHAPTER 20

The sun was slipping below the trees as Adrian and Kendra carefully followed the pathway down from the school to the football field. The small footpath weaved its way down through a small patch of trees and had been created so players could easily get from the school to the football field for practice instead of walking or driving the mile loop around to get to the main entrance where friends and family went to watch games.

Loud cheers erupted as the bright lights of the field pierced the veil of the trees upon the duo's approach. The scoreboard at the end of the field showed 24-0. It was an absolute massacre. Adrian smiled knowing there would be a post game celebration in the field house afterwards, he couldn't wait to crash the party.

Just beyond the tree line, Adrian and Kendra watched the final quarter of the football game come to a devastating conclusion for the visitors. The Tigers had mopped the floor with their opponents, the Scalawags. A tiger mascot was slamming its front paws into its crotch repeatedly towards a dejected looking pirate, the "suck it" motion did not go unnoticed as the crowd howled with laughter and principal Kunst dragged the tiger mascot from the field by its cartoonishly large ear. The tiger waved both hands as a farewell to its captivated audience. Players from each team lined up and gave their high fives, the coaches shook hands and both teams filed off to a locker room building that was next to the scoreboard.

Another half hour crept by before freshly showered players exited the visitor side of the locker room. They climbed the small hill and got on the

awaiting bus to be taken back to their school. The home team players could be heard faintly whooping and hollering their excitement. It was full dark by the time they began to filter from the building. Two players appeared to hang back as their team mates jumped into their cars to drive home or hopped in with their families to go out for a late post game dinner to celebrate. The field lights went out when the coaching staff left the locker room. Adrian could hear Tommy and Devin chatting with their head coach from across the empty field.

"You boys need a ride home? It's a bit of a walk for you, isn't it Devin?"

"Nah, all good coach, Gonna stay at Tommy's tonight. We have a bio project due tomorrow that needs some work."

"Fair enough, get home safe and don't fuckin' trip or something stupid in the woods, I can't have my star players getting injured this early in the season."

"Noted, sir!"

"Good game tonight boys, I'm damn proud of our program this year. You're turning out to be quite the captain Tommy, keep it up. I wanna bring you on as an assistant coach if you end up sticking around to go to college here after graduation."

With their eyes adjusted to the darkness, Adrian and Kendra watched the silhouettes shake hands and part ways. Tommy and Devin began approaching them from across the field while their coach hiked up the hill and clambered into his lifted pickup truck.

"They're coming right at us, are we doing this here?"

Adrian calmly hushed Kendra and pointed forward silently. As soon as the pickup truck pulled away from the parking lot, Tommy and Devin diverted course and headed to a smaller concrete building on the opposite end of the field from the locker rooms.

"That answer your question?"

Adrian smiled at Kendra. She returned it, her perfect white teeth glinted in the moonlight.

"Where are they going?"

"They go over to the field house where the practice equipment is stored and where the team reviews game footage and they fuck like wild animals in there."

"How do you know this?"

"It's easy for me to get around undetected, I just happened to catch them heading in there one night when I was walking around. It was when my parents were still alive, and I'd spend as much time as I could out of the house. Anyways, I saw them go in and kinda followed to see if I could hear anything and… well, you get it. I've checked in on them a few times to see if it's a consistent thing and can promise with one hundred percent certainty they are in fact going in there to explore each other's asses."

Kendra smirked. She didn't have a prejudice towards the gay community but she was thoroughly entertained by the fact that Tommy was so hyper masculine and clearly did all he could to keep his closeted homosexuality a secret.

"So, he's a self hating homo. Nice."

"They both are, I don't know what the big deal is. He tried to kiss me when we were kids. We used to be friends, after that day though, he flipped a one-eighty and started bullying me. I wasn't *not* interested in kissing him. I dunno, I guess I don't see any reason to only play one side when there's beauty in all humans. Clearly I have a preference," He slapped Kendra on the ass, "but there's nothing wrong with kissing dudes if you ask me."

"Whatever tickles your asshole I suppose."

Adrian snorted a laugh.

“My what?”

“Whatever gets ya goin!”

She stood on her tiptoes and kissed Adrian on the cheek.

"I will consider it cheating if you fuck a dude though."

"Cheating, huh? Guess that means we're a couple."

Kendra scoffed and punched Adrian's arm playfully. He smiled down at her.

"I'm kidding. C'mon, let's get to work."

Kendra grabbed his hand and skipped along by his side, letting her childish whim shine through. Her pigtails bounced and mini skirt fluttered, showing her ass as they followed Tommy and Devin to the field house. She insisted on stopping at home on the way so she could change into something more playful. Adrian had advised against it but ultimately gave in to her begging. When she emerged from the house in her sexy cheerleader outfit, he wasn't mad about relenting to stopping back at the scene of their crime. He was pleased to find that while there was already a

faint smell, it only really came through when Kendra opened the door. Neighbors would assume there was a dead animal somewhere in the area.

When they made it to the gaping doorless entryway into the concrete structure, Adrian set his backpack down and unzipped it. He wanted to arm his partner in crime and make sure she had what he would need for when they snuck inside to rain on Tommy and Devin's parade. He handed the freshly sharpened machete to Kendra who held it blade-side up over her shoulder. With her right leg in a tip toe as she transferred all of her weight onto her left, she struck a pose. When Adrian looked up at her, she gave him a wink and licked her red lips. He grinned stupidly, already growing hard in his jeans. He pulled the wooden grip of the hatchet that protruded from the opening, deciding it would probably be the most effective tool if he needed to make short work of his attack on the boys inside. He opted to leave the sawed off shotgun he had brought along safely stashed away.

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CHAPTER 21

Voices drifted from the pitch black opening of the field house, they were crystal clear but heavily silenced due to the thick concrete walls. The entry to the building was a void set against dark olive colored walls that appeared almost black themselves in the inky darkness of the foggy coastal night. Adrian removed his shoes and casually strode towards the opening, Kendra followed his lead, surprised that his outline disappeared entirely when he crossed the void of the entryway.

Upon crossing the threshold, the cool concrete floor sent chills up Kendra's legs, and she suddenly wished she had stuck with her leggings. They walked in a few feet then turned right and then left again. Even in their socks, their muffled footsteps could be heard. Thankfully, the voices were far louder inside, masking their approach.

"Fuck yeah. Fuck yeahohhh. *Fuck yeahhhh!*"

A slurping sound followed the passionate moans. "Yeah, you like that shit? You like when your fat fucking cock is in my mouth?" Tommy went back to loudly slurping while Devin told him how good the back of his throat felt.

Adrian remained in the entryway of the room, allowing his eyes to adjust to the darkness before assessing any obstacles that may be in he and Kendra's way. Kendra stood by his side, statuesque. A true professional. He reached out and gave her hand a squeeze. They smiled at each other in the gloom, the whites of their eyes and teeth barely visible in the suffocating darkness.

The sounds of equipment settling were common. Heavy steel frames with spring loaded weighted bags attached would often groan when the temperatures dropped. The first few times Tommy had brought Devin to the field house to taste the delicious funk of his sweaty post-practice chub were riddled with anxiety. Every tiny noise they heard caused them to abruptly stop to make sure they were alone before continuing. Having spent an abundance of time in the field house together by now, they ignored the sounds of shuffling and the metallic clang that was emitted from Kendra's machete as it bounced against one of the steel frames.

Devin pulled out of Tommy’s mouth triggering another slurping noise. He was ready. While he hated having a cock in his mouth, he had zero objections whatsoever to taking one in his ass. He knelt down while Tommy stood, unbuttoning his belt and letting his jeans fall around his ankles. He couldn’t stand the flavors that accompanied the fleshy rod, he only took Tommy into his mouth as a method of priming his meaty cock for anal penetration.

Slurping on a chubby was far from Devin's thing, but taking Tommy in his asshole was something he absolutely loved. The boy would typically start off gentle just to get a flow going but once in the throes of their passion, Tommy would dominate Devin and fuck his god damned brains out. Unlike Devin, Tommy was down to suck dick at a moment’s notice. The stinkier and dirtier the better. Tommy was freaky like that and Devin loved it. On the rare occasions that Tommy actually allowed Devin to fuck him in the ass, he would eagerly pull away and take Devin’s shit streaked dick straight to the back of his throat to finish him off. His own fecal matter was like a sacred delicacy that he couldn't pass up. His enthusiasm accompanied by the insane kinkiness of the act had always caused Devin to explode, each orgasm seemed to increase in ecstasy.

Devin held the base of Tommy’s penis and worked the shaft until he was rock hard. He let the girthy meat tube slip from between his lips and horked up a fat loogie, which he spat on the head that bobbed before him. He worked the shaft a few times to evenly disperse the viscous mixture of his saliva, snot, and Tommy's precum about the formidable flesh stick before getting on all fours,

Tommy didn’t bother fingering Devin’s ass. He spat on Devin’s dirty hole with precision and pressed the helmet of his little soldier right up against

the entrance to brown town. As if eager for visitors, Devin's shit chute swallowed Tommy's throbbing cock.

Adrian had had enough of the show. He assumed some sort of ass play was going to be involved in this evening's festivities and recognized a beautiful opportunity as it unfolded before him and Kendra. He hefted that hatchet up over his his shoulder and began to make his way towards the butt fucking bullies on the other side of the room.

He had to walk sideways between some of the equipment but the room opened up beyond. It was mostly barren except for some long wooden benches that sat perpendicular to his approach. There was an old projector between the benches and equipment. It had been modified to show digital film from previous games and practices. Attached to it was the Sony A7 camera that Coach Bronson used to capture games. Adrian looked back and smiled when he saw Kendra was right on his heels.

She wasn't used to being the camera man, but it wasn't as if she'd never used one before. On more than one occasion, Dani's men wanted to record the experience. Knowing full well it was child pornography they wanted to make, Kendra happily obliged secretly hoping that one of these fucktards would be caught and she would be rescued. She was usually the one who had to set it up, sometimes she would try to egg the men on to fuck her mom on camera, opting to direct her own porn video instead of starring in it. It never worked. She looked forward to the opportunity to finally be the genius behind the scenes instead of the girl getting pounded in the video.

She gingerly picked up the camera and tapped the ON button, momentarily illuminating herself with the digital display. Quickly she pulled it to her chest to hide the light, giving Adrian a sheepish grin as an apology. He winked back. The two boys took no notice of their intruders. Kendra hit the video capture button, then held a thumbs up to Adrian.

Devin was on his knees facing away from the entrance to the room, his pleasured moans blanketing the skin to skin slapping sound created by Tommy pounding away at his sphincter. Adrian snuck up right behind the unsuspecting boys and stood ominously, preparing for what he was about to do. Kendra lined up the shot like a cinematic genius, bringing her hastily formed vision to life. A horror themed erotic snuff film had just been green-lighted by her lead actor and co-producer. She was going to make it a fucking masterpiece.

"You like when I fuck that smelly little hole you fucking retard?"

Tommy admittedly was terrible at dirty talk, often just saying ridiculous and offensive shit. Devin kinda liked it though, it may be horrendous, but it was authentic.

“Fuck yes I do! Spit in my ass and fuck my slutty hole!”

He belted in response. He liked it rough, and Tommy delivered. On more than one occasion, Tommy had fucked him until his ass bled. Using the quick drying fluid as lubricant, he'd pound harder, degrading the obedient bottom. Devin reveled in the pain as Tommy slammed his cock against his prostate. Tommy’s large balls would swing down and beat against Devin’s hairy gooch which only added to the pleasure.

“Bite down on that fuckin' bench you faggot.”

Devin happily obeyed, taking the smooth painted wood into his mouth, muffling his moans and yelps. Tommy continued to growl obscene dirty talk through gritted teeth as he slowed his tempo and increased the intensity of each stroke.

Kendra kept the camera trained on Adrian but strafed to the left, allowing her to capture more of the action from a better angle. She looked over at Adrian. Their eyes had fully adjusted to the gloom now. She saw him mouth the word “light” and hold up his left hand indicating a countdown.

Five. Tommy put his left foot up on the bench Devin was biting into for more leverage. Four. Devin yelped as the new angle forced him to arch his back unnaturally to accommodate Tommy’s veiny rod. Three. Adrian took a step forward, letting the head of the hatchet drop to his knee so he could set it down silently. Two. Tommy gasped hard as his climax struck out of nowhere. One. Devin giggled and moaned as hot ropes of cum sprayed up his sweaty back and into his mane of hair.

The light from the camera illuminated the room, the suddenness of it surprising Tommy and Devin. The fear and exhilaration Tommy felt added to the extreme intensity of his orgasm, but the excitement was short lived.

“You should have put your foot on the back of this whore’s head while you fucked him. Here, I’ll show you!”

Kendra’s face erupted with glee as Adrian brought his shoeless foot down hard on the back of Devin’s head. A few last minute spurts of cum shot onto his foot as it propelled forward, slamming Devin’s face and gaping mouth into the bench.

On the camera, Kendra had captured every moment. From the creepy slasher stance Adrian assumed while waiting for the perfect moment, to the

flash of light exploding into the room allowing for a more detailed view of Tommy’s bloody cock pulsing as thick streams of cum erupted all over Devin’s back. Adrian’s commentary added another layer of confusion and horror to the sudden focused illumination of the scene. The proverbial money shot of this deranged porno wasn’t actually the cum that showered Devin from behind, or the gaping bloody asshole that kept winking at the camera. No, the money shot was the explosion of teeth and blood that accompanied Adrian's vicious curb stomp. Tommy's shrill scream only added to the mayhem as splintering wood and the snapping of Devin's jaw bone echoed in the tight space.

Tommy's screams were endless. The thunderous popping of his boyfriend’s jaw dislocating and shattering under the attacker’s foot momentarily clouded his mind. The eruption of broken teeth and blood burned into his eyes. The nightmare played out in slow motion. He stood rooted to the spot, his boner withering away in his hand as he watched the foot pull back and then slam down again. This time accompanied by heavier cracking noises as Devin’s skull fractured under the immense pressure. Adrian was not the type to skip leg day. Like the rest of his impressive frame, his legs were powerful.

Adrian cackled like a hyena as he brought his foot down on the back of Devin’s skull a third time. The crown of the boy’s head gave way with a final resounding *crack* that devolved into a wet squishing noise as the boy's pinkish brains were pulverized and sluiced around Adrian's bare foot. Adrian allowed it to stay firmly lodged in Devin's cranium and wiggled his toes as bits of brain and blood squished noisily between his digits. Tommy’s screams landed on deaf ears. The field house was too well insulated and much too far away from the road and field for any passersby to hear.

Kendra continued to maneuver around the action while filming. She got in front of Devin to capture the 3rd stomp on the back of the convulsing boy’s head. He shook violently as his swelling brain was pulverized to mush by Adrian’s size 12 foot. His breathing had grown sporadic and watery vomit erupted from his gullet while his eyes rolled back into his head. The vile stomach fluids mixed with the blood that flowed freely from the torn masseter muscles in the corners of his destroyed, far too wide open mouth. Shattered teeth sat like islands in the dark puddle of blood collecting on the bench before him, their jagged peaks like mountains. With a final violent convulsion, his body fell still.

In the background, an out-of-focus Adrian could be seen howling with laughter as he extracted his bloody foot from Devin’s decimated cranium. Streaks of blood had splashed up his leg and torso, fine splatters of the crimson liquid decorated his face. Beside him, Tommy stood. His naked legs were soaked in the back-splash of fecal fluids and blood that had been lubricating his recent journey into Devin’s cavernous asshole. His limp dick looked shriveled and depressing in his weak grip. The hem of his shirt was soaked in blood and shit, the same spatterings of blood that coated Adrian’s upper half decorated him as well.

Tommy was too stunned to speak. The voice was familiar, but he couldn't place it. He finally snapped out of his fear-fueled stupor and brought his hand up to shield his eyes from the bright light pointed straight at him in the dark room. He tried desperately to form words but he couldn’t get his breathing under control and was left stuttering while trying to ascertain what in the fuck was happening.

“Who- wh-what the? Who the fuck? Wha-what's happening? What the fuck did you do? Who the f-fuck a-a-are y-you?”

Adrian stepped back silently as Kendra killed the light on the camera. Tommy was plunged back into darkness. He regained a grasp on reality as the events of the previous few minutes began to come together in his mind. Kendra continued to film him, the camera adjusting quickly to the sudden lack of light.

Adrian’s eyes needed to adjust to the darkness once again but unlike Tommy, he wasn’t caught by the surprise of his attack. He used the faint glow of the camera to keep a focus point for his location in relation to Kendra and Tommy. He prepared for his next attack while Tommy crouched in the dark. The boy was disoriented, not recognizing that the minuscule amount of light emanating from the camera could help him catch his bearings.

The pleasured sucking and slurping noises from before had been replaced with a gurgling death rattle as Devin’s faculties went offline. Not able to think coherently, Tommy dropped to his knees next to Devin, his black silhouette shuddered on the camera's screen as he sobbed loudly, mourning the loss of his boyfriend.

In the background of the camera’s main focus, Adrian could be seen retreating into nothingness. The subject in the shot was gently caressing his dead lover, whispering reassurance through heaving sobs that it wasn't so

bad, he would be fine. Tommy's broken mind could not accept that Devin was gone.

Tommy was vaguely aware that he wasn't alone, the sudden light accompanied by incredible violence followed up by infinite darkness sent him into a crazed panic.

Was he dreaming? Is this a nightmare?

It had to be. He must’ve gotten his shit rocked on the field and now he was just having vivid nightmares in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. That had to be it. There was a floating amorphous blob of light somewhere off in the distance but he couldn't make out anything from the dim source. Forgetting there were no windows, he assumed it was just concentrated moonlight.

His heart leapt into his throat when he heard the clatter of wood on concrete somewhere behind him. He froze immediately, taking a deep breath and holding it. Within moments, his fight or flight had kicked in. Suddenly he became hyper aware of his surroundings, his eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness and he saw the silhouette of a person holding a camera a few feet ahead of him. He scowled realizing this was all some sort of elaborate prank. Devin somehow set up a dummy and was recording him. He loved horror after all, and this was one hell of a scare regardless of how fucked up it was.

“Ha ha ha. Good one Devin. Like, holy shit, but also what the fuck dude? That shit was legit traumatizing. You got me, put the camera down, turn a goddamn light on. I’m over this prank.”

Laughter from behind him told him that there was someone else in the room, if that was the case then who the fuck was holding the camera? Who had Devin spilled their secret to?

“Seriously dude, you’re pissing me off now. Who the fuck is here with us? Who did you tell? I thought we were going to come out together after graduation. Not cool. Turn the fucking light on!”

Tommy stood up. Annoyed, he decided to take matters into his own hands. He sneered at the asshole prankster holding the camera and flipped the operator off. A girlish giggle was the unknown director’s response. He didn’t give a fuck who it was at this point, he was starting to feel uneasy again and just wanted to get a light on in this dump. As his senses continued to come back online the thick odor of shit assaulted his nostrils. Not the smell of butt fucking, it was far stronger than that.

“Bit overboard with the practical effects, huh asshole?”

He yelled into the darkness as he fumbled his way across the room towards where he knew a light switch lay in wait on the wall. He tripped a few times before realizing his pants were still around his ankles. As opposed to pulling them up, he kicked off his shoes and peeled them off by stamping on the cuffs and pulling his legs free. If they already recorded the show, being naked from the waist down hardly mattered at this point.

Kendra followed Tommy with the camera, hardly able to suppress her laughter as his feeble mind threw together a desperate attempt to explain what the fuck had just happened. She lost her battle with the giggles when the idiot gave her the finger. He couldn't see, but she had returned the favor before taking the same finger and promptly inserted it into herself. She hadn't been wearing underwear in preparation for the fun she anticipated she and Adrian would have as they brutally murdered the two boys who had made it their mission to further the living hell Adrian had lived within.

The sound of fake blood dripping reverberated loudly in Tommy's mind, overboard was an understatement. Shit, puke, blood, fake teeth, breaking bones, Devin went way too far with this prank and Tommy was actually getting pissed off about it now. He finally found the light switch.

Kendra watched her little screen with baited breath as Tommy reached out to flip on the light. The image blurred momentarily as the lens auto adjusted to the sudden reappearance of light, this time illuminating the entire room. Tommy’s horrified look was like a delicious snack that she couldn’t get enough of. It was short lived, however. When the camera had fully adjusted and refocused on Tommy, Adrian had entered the frame.

Adrian tapped Tommy’s shoulder with the blade of the hatchet. The jock whipped around ready to throw a punch but was stopped in his tracks as the butt end of the hatchet collided with his forehead. The sickening *crack* resonated in the room preceding Tommy’s body crumpling to the ground.

When he hit the floor, Kendra stopped the recording. There was no sense in documenting the downtime before Tommy woke up again. She needed to make sure there was enough juice left to record the rest of their double date with the newly outed gay power couple in the field house.

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CHAPTER 22

The aching throbs pounded away at Tommy's head when his eyes slowly crept open. He expected the bright lights and sterile scent of a hospital, assuming he had taken a seriously bad hit in the game that he clearly couldn't remember. But when his eyes adjusted to the low light, the scene before him was enough to make him piss himself.

Hot urine splattered against the floor while Tommy drank in the horrendous sight. Devin was face down, ass up, his arms were limp by his sides. The few teeth that remained in the boy's upper mandible were firmly dug into the wooden bench Tommy had been fucking him against mere minutes before. The shattered remnants of the rest of his teeth lay strewn about before him in a sea of crimson that appeared to explode forth from his pulverized visage. His lower jaw hung limp at the end of the bench, decorated by sinewy lacerations that had developed from his jaw being spread so far open that the taught skin tore free. Had the boy survived, his mouth would've held an uncanny resemblance to Heath Ledger's Joker. Unfortunately for both Devin and Tommy, he would never recover from the violence.

Tommy felt bile rise in his throat when he saw the gaping hole that decorated the back of Devin's skull. Bits of pulverized pinkish brain matter dangled from the gory void. A thick river of blood had flowed down Devin's neck, sluicing over the sides at his prominent shoulders and running down his chest, creating a dark puddle between his bruised and bloodied knees. Glistening ropes of dried cum decorated the naked boy's back, the final bits

of ejaculate landed in Devin's swollen and bruised asshole. The sticky viscous liquid coagulated with the blood that wept from Devin's rancid hole, a final thin strand of the unholy mixture dripped as hot chunks erupted from Tommy's mouth.

"What the fuck is going on man?!"

He didn't know who to address, only that he wasn't alone. He looked around the dimly lit dingy room and trembled as two shapes emerged from the shadows directly across from him. One he recognized as Adrian, the other was the new girl, he couldn't remember her name.

"Adrian? Did- did you fucking do this?"

The answer was obvious, Adrian was covered in so much blood that it looked as though he'd been making blood angels face down in the mess of Devin's bodily destruction.

"No, it was the fucking boogie man."

The girl at Adrian's right giggled as she pulled the camera up. The blinking red light indicated that recording had begun as Adrian stepped forward.

Tommy shook violently in the wooden chair he was tied to with an extension cord.

"Hey man, you d-don't have to d-d-do this okay? Let's fucking fi-igure this out."

Kendra captured every word and strafed to the side to catch Adrian's maniacal grin.

"I already figured it out for you, don't worry Tommy. You're playing your part *perfectly.*"

The words washed over Tommy like ice water. His mind struggled to formulate coherent sentences. His heart was being pressed closed in a frozen vice.

Adrian was hiding a surprise behind his back as he approached the boy. When he was within a few paces he let the hatchet come into view. The blade was clean but the butt end of the tool had a small amount of blood streaking towards the sharp edge. Tommy connected the dots and remembered why his head hurt so fucking bad.

On the camera, Adrian sidestepped the puddle of vomit and took his position to Tommy's right. He pulled the hatchet up in a batter's stance and gave it a test swing. Tommy yelped, tears streaming down his cheeks and snot bubbling from his nose as it ran down into his mouth. His eyes were

squeezed shut in anticipation for the blow. Adrian laughed as he pulled the hatchet back up.

"I'm just fuckin' with you dude! It's cool! I mean, you definitely deserve this but, I guess if you promise to be nicer to me I could let you go…"

The proposition made perfect sense in Tommy's desperate mind. Only Adrian and Kendra were able to discern the obvious sarcasm that oozed forth with every word.

"Yeah, yes! Yes! I promise! I'm so sorry! Please! Please Adrian, I'm sorry! I'll leave you alone for goo-AAAHHHHH"

Tommy's pleas for mercy abruptly became a scream of pain as the blade of the hatchet buried itself deep into his shin.

Kendra tried to suppress her laughter as she caught the devastating blow on the camera. With a spectacular spurt, hot blood arced across the room as Tommy's tibia splintered with the hatchet's sudden invasion. Adrian howled with laughter as the blood curdling screams continued. He wrenched the hatchet from Tommy's ruined leg, leaving it partly severed and walked around the back of his cowering captive.

"You're not completely to blame for the way I am…"

Adrian knelt down next to Tommy, looking up at him as he rested his cheek on his hand that crested the hilt of his weapon. Tommy looked down, trembling as he tried to reel in the screams and get his breathing under control. Blood continued to ooze from the monstrous gash in his leg.

"But you definitely didn't help me out when you were the only one who really could've made a difference."

Adrian booped Tommy's nose as he stood up.

"That day in my backyard, do you remember? It was you who tried to kiss me. You freaked the fuck out, screaming at me to get off of you."

Adrian paced back around the now silent boy, tracing his finger across the back of his neck, causing him to shiver.

"I could handle losing yet another friend, but I could've gone without the bullying. I got enough of that at home. Fuck man, you shoulda seen what my dad did to me when he saw you take off like that. Called *me* the fuckin queer. Told me if I liked being a fag so much he'd show me everything that goes along with kissing fruity little boys like you."

Adrian stopped at Tommy's periphery and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Normally I'd spare you the details, but seeing as you're well-versed in such depravity, I'll give you the full story. When the drunken moron got

done whipping my ass with the broom handle, he gathered up the hot blood that ran down the backs of my legs. Gimme a guess what he did with it. Go on."

Tommy shook silently, leaning as far away from Adrian's touch as he could manage.

Adrian ran his hand up the back of Tommy's head and gripped his hair, pulling his head back and forcing him to look up into his eyes.

"I fuckin said *guess*."

"I d-d-don't kn-know."

Kendra giggled from somewhere to Tommy's left. She mocked his stammering

"T-t-today junior!"

Adrian leaned in and planted a wet kiss on Tommy's snot-covered bloody lips, then licked them free of the salty mixture that stuck to his own when they parted.

"He spat on my asshole and proceeded to jam the bloody handle of that broom so deep up my ass that I could feel it pushing around in my gut. He slammed that thing in and out of me so hard I thought I was going to die. He used my own diarrhea and blood as a lubricant, laughing at me the whole time. Then he made me clean up the mess before my mother got home from work that weekend and made me walk to school the next day. When I had managed to hobble myself down the road, I stopped and looked over at your house. Do you remember that day?"

Tommy began to weep silently. Adrian threw the sobbing boy’s head forward and took a step away from the pile of human filth.

"Don't worry, I'll freshen your memory. I looked over at your house because I could hear the screaming from inside. Your mother was yelling at your father, and your father was yelling back at her. *You* were yelling at them both to stop. I watched you get thrown out the front door with tears in your eyes and a fresh black eye forming and I asked you if you were okay. I tried to walk with you and ask if there was anything I could do…"

On the camera, Adrian wound up again and swung the hatchet down at Tommy's shattered leg. The exploding crack that emanated from the collision sounded like a gunshot as Tommy's severed leg fell to the floor and he began screaming again. Adrian raised his voice so he could continue telling his story over Tommy's wails.

"You shoved me to the ground and called me a faggot. You told me to never talk to you again. Then, when you watched me get up and hobble forward you made the joke that my dad must've been fucking me in the ass the way I was hobbling around. Oh Tommy… If only you fucking knew."

"Adrian *PLEASE!* I'm going to bleed out!"

"Jesus Christ, even now you're so fucking selfish."

Adrian strode out of view from Kendra's shot. She kept the view on Tommy, his bloody stump gushing blood as he continued to moan, hot tears pouring from his eyes. A moment later, Adrian returned to the frame with an old white practice jersey in his hand. He tore it at the hem and wrapped the larger portion of the fabric around the stump then tied a tight knot around it to slow the bleeding.

"I can't have you dying before I'm through with you."

Adrian flashed a toothy grin and continued to pace, this time going in front of Tommy, careful not to step in the pile of smelly vomit.

"You ridiculed me after that. Every fucking day, without fail. You shoved me in lockers, pushed my head into soiled toilets, beat me and abused me, just like my father had done at home. Between you and my old man, I knew no fucking peace."

Adrian pointed the hatchet behind him in Devin's direction.

"When you met captain fuck sleeve over there, I hoped you'd be distracted by finally accepting your homosexuality. I figured every terrible thing you did to me was a sort of way for you to take out the self hatred that grew within you. I was wrong. When I thought it would finally stop, suddenly your cruelty doubled. You and Devin turned everyone in school against me to some degree. You made me a fucking ghost. Nobody wanted to be my friend. The teachers were so fed up with me not defending myself that they even gave up."

Adrian shook the hatchet at Tommy threateningly and advanced upon the shaking boy, stomping into the puddle of vomit.

"Do you have any fucking idea what it feels like to spend every sleepless night terrified of what your drunk asshole of a father might do if he heard you crying, only to go to school the next day and get a second or third portion of the abuse you received at home? Don't get me wrong, you guys were child's play compared to the shit he would do."

Adrian pulled his shirt off to show Tommy his scars. The boy's eyes bulged, he muttered incoherently to himself.

"These," Adrian pointed to the shiny bumps that polka-dotted his chest and shoulders, "are cigarette and joint burns. I was a walking ashtray."

He traced the long scars that ran across his stomach and rib cage.

"These are because one night he decided to sharpen all of his knives and needed to make sure he had done it properly."

"I-I h-had no id-d-dea Adrian. I swe-ear. I'm so fucking sorr-ry."

"Can you guess when I got this?"

Adrian gestured to the main attraction, the misspelled branding that ran across his chest.

"The night I got home from school after he fucked my ass with a broom handle. Great guess! Yeah, he had some hooker over while my mom was out of town working. He got pissed off at me because I didn't want to help him rape the prostitute. He beat the fuck out of her in front of me while ripping lines of coke. She was screaming sorta like you. Next thing I know that overweight pile of smelly shit was on top of me. Fuckin idiot didn't even spell it right."

Adrian tossed the hatchet aside and grabbed the sides of Tommy's head. Kendra moved in to capture the intimate moment.

"You are probably the only person who could've made a fucking difference, Tommy. And now? You get to witness first hand what happens when you push a broken human beyond the realms of recovery."

Adrian shook Tommy's head. The boy was too stunned to respond. His eyes continued to bulge, unblinking.

"Take a good look at your boyfriend over there. That is your fucking fault. Do you understand me? You finished what my fucking father started. What that *fucking* rat started."

Adrian squeezed Tommy's head and screamed in his face.

"*YOU DID THIS TO ME!"*

Adrian's face was red going on purple, his veins bulged and spittle sprayed from his lips as his animalistic eyes bore into Tommy's. He took a deep breath to calm himself and spoke in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"You helped solidify the making of a fucking monster."

On the screen, Adrian stood abruptly and walked out of frame. Kendra's heart was beating harder than she cared to admit. Ever since she was young she took pride in the fact that nothing truly scared her. She had gone almost her entire life devoid of emotions. That is, until she met Adrian. The boy who was so sweet to her was capable of destruction on a level she never

really was capable of grasping. His words haunted her, shaking her to her core. She was equal parts excited and terrified. She placed the camera on the bench in front of her and went to check on her man, leaving the camera to record Tommy sobbing, moaning to himself about how sorry he was.

She followed him to a dark corner of the room and grabbed his wrists. He tensed at her touch, his response sent goosebumps exploding up her arms and a shiver down her spine.

"Hey, it's me. It's Kendra. Adrian, look at me."

He didn't say a word, he pulled her into a tight embrace and she felt his body shudder.

Is he fucking crying?

His whisper was hoarse, just barely loud enough for her to hear.

"I'll be okay. I have you here."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held him. She felt his heart beating hard against his chest, and felt hers match his in both tempo and ferocity. She would've been okay with spending eternity like this. Even after the terrifying outburst, his touch was gentle. His tense muscles felt like steel but his hug was like a giant teddy bear. She wondered quietly about the rat. His obsession with the creatures was starting to make itself more obvious. He mutilated and destroyed them, and said that his father talked about the rat ruining their lives.

Who the fuck is The Rat?

"Let's finish this mother fucker."

He pulled back and wiped his eyes at Kendra's words, offering her a smile she struggled to see.

He kissed her, then stepped around her and made his way to his backpack which sat a few feet behind where Tommy was tied up.

"All good things must come to an end, Tommy. I regret to inform you that this means goodbye for us."

While Adrian fished the sawed off shotgun from his backpack, Kendra returned to her camera. The battery light was blinking but she continued to film Tommy's final minutes.

Tommy stiffened as the haunting words embraced him from behind. He heard the racking of a pump action shotgun and closed his eyes, preparing for the moment his face would be forcefully removed from his skull in an eruption of gore. His heart sank when he felt the chair tip forward, his good leg dragged through the cold puddle of puke before him as his stump

thankfully stayed clear of the smelly liquid. He kept his eyes firmly squeezed shut as the sound of his chair being dragged through the room echoed in his ears.

The chair came to a stop and the sound of more heavy wood scraping across concrete filled the room as he sat still. He felt his chair get violently repositioned before a sudden weightlessness took him. The brief fall was accompanied by the feeling of his stomach falling out of his puckered asshole before his face came crashing down on a hard surface. Pain erupted from the initial shock before his brain caught up with the details of what was happening. The painful slam that expelled a dull thud offered a wet splashing sound as well, the feeling of the bloody wooden bench coming up to hit him in the face was accented by the feeling of shards of broken teeth biting into his chin and cheek. He finally opened his eyes.

From this intimate angle, Devin's facial reconstruction was far worse than anything he could've imagined. His mouth was stuck shut but he screamed into it regardless, the muffled sound was more akin to a sexual moan. Kendra bit back another giggle at Tommy's odd outburst.

Tommy sobbed as he took in his boyfriend's destroyed visage. Devin's nose had shattered along with his jaw, leaving a valley of split open meat that peaked on each side, the destruction looked like what Tommy imagined a woman's pussy might resemble on its period. Coagulated blood decorated the boney gash and ran down into the sea of blood between them. Devin's ruined teeth stuck up in the shimmering pool like icebergs. The dead boy's eyes were stomped out from their sockets, held in place by only the optic nerves that snaked into the cavernous openings beyond the ejected spheres. The light that shone deep inside Devin's sockets made Tommy's stomach churn.

Adrian untied Tommy from the chair with a threat for him to stay still.

"If you fucking move I'll drag things out far longer than I need to."

Tommy obeyed the command, he went to place his hands on the ground to alleviate the pressure in his neck but Adrian tutted his movement and quickly tied his hands behind his back. He felt the hand on his shoulder when the chair skittered across the floor, the pressure insinuated that he was to kneel. He obeyed.

"Open wide, buttercup. I know how much you love something hard in your mouth."

"I'm not about to suck your cock you fucking freak, kill me already. Get this shit over with!"

The butt of the gun slammed into his shoulder where it connected with his neck. Hot pain exploded from where the hard wood made sudden contact.

"Easy way or hard way bud, makes no difference to me."

Kendra watched excitedly through the screen of her dying camera. The footage started to look distorted as the battery gave its final juice. She pressed her middle finger up into the wet folds of her vagina and gently caressed herself as she watched Adrian shove the barrel of the gun into Tommy's lock-jawed mouth.

The cool metal of the barrel clanged against Tommy's teeth, sending a shockwave of pain through every nerve in the boy's face. He yelped but quickly recovered, forcing his mouth shut before Adrian was able to jamb the barrel down his throat. He thrashed helplessly against the assault but Adrian was too strong. He paused for just a moment, which gave Adrian the opportunity to punch the barrel right through his cracked enamel. His pearly whites shattered, his clamped jaw caused them to slam together and against the chilled steel. He didn't have a moment to register that Adrian had broken the teeth away before the real horror began.

Shards of his broken teeth dug into the soft tissue of his esophagus, the smooth sawed off barrel of the shotgun pressed them deeper into the supple flesh as Adrian throat-fucked him with the weapon. He could taste the mixture of vomit and blood at the back of his throat before Adrian removed the gun.

Kendra plunged her fingers into her gushing cunt and moaned loudly between girlish giggles as she watched the violence unfold. On the camera, frothy red vomit erupted up into Adrian's terrible grinning face as he plunged the barrel back into the choking boy's broken mouth. Tommy's gurgling screams harmonized with the sounds of his vomit and Kendra's onslaught of orgasms while Adrian's insane guffaws added a depraved bass note to the deviant chorus.

Tommy was blinded by the geyser of his own hot bloody vomit, he tried his best to keep his bearings as panic exploded in his chest. Without warning, the barrel was once again yanked from his gullet. The world around him spun as his face went crashing back into the bench. He held his

eyes tightly shut, refusing to let his last memory be that of Devin's desecrated cranium.

Kendra caught her breath as the camera recorded the spray of her final squirted orgasm in the foreground as Adrian threw Tommy back down onto the bench, out of focus in the background. She managed to steady the shot, still panting her pleasure as Adrian took aim with the shotgun. The screen went black just before the end of the barrel slammed into Tommy's prostate. Kendra peeked over the screen of the dead recording device just in time to watch Tommy's eyes explode open as the gun brutally invaded his anal cavity, slipping in easily given the amount of vomit that lubricated the barrel along with the sheer force Adrian applied as he shoved the piece inside.

Adrian worked the barrel in and out of Tommy's ass for three pumps before shoving it in as far as it would go.

Tommy heard his own screams as if he was a mile away from his own body, witnessing his final moments from a corner of the room. His mind desperately reached out for his lover but there was nothing to comfort him. He was in Hell, paying for the years of abuse he had inflicted upon the boy who only needed a friend. He stared into Devin's ejected eyeballs as the overwhelming pressure exploded into his body cavity. His final moments were spent burning Devin's face into his mind before buck shot caused him to explode like a pumpkin from the inside out. His face blew to a million fleshy bits and showered Devin and the rest of the room before him in a fine mist of blood. The hot pellets tore through Devin's face as well, his already mutilated head was pulverized in the aftermath. Tommy and Devin's brains fused together in piles of gore strewn about the room.

Adrian couldn't stop laughing as the shock of his act of depravity severed the final piece of his sanity. He released the stock of the shotgun and pointed at it, laughing even harder. Kendra joined in his joyous moment of release. Tommy's naked legs sat momentarily motionless, before the top heavy portion of his blown-apart body fell forward with a wet *splat.*

"Holy fuck, I don't know what I expected, but it sure as fuck wasn't that!"

Kendra planted her foot on Tommy's pasty cheek and yanked the gun from his sizzling asshole like a macabre Sir Arthur of the Round Table. The shit streaked barrel expelled an offensive odor that the insane couple ignored as they continued to laugh while Kendra struck pose after pose.

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CHAPTER 23

Mona Kunst always stayed at the school into the later hours. She avoided home as much as possible since the passing of her late husband. The pain was too great and she struggled to come to terms with losing the love of her life. Bitterness enveloped her and turned her cold over the years. David's suicide was hardly a surprise, and it was all her fault.

In their early years, Mona and David desperately wanted to start a family. They struggled to become pregnant but, by a miracle, it finally happened. They were over the moon with their excitement, their love seemed to expand and grow by the day. Leading up to the due date, the routine checkups went smoothly. There were no complications to speak of. By all accounts their son was set to make his debut a week before Halloween.

When she felt the contractions, she woke David up. An excited look in her eye told him it was go time. They grabbed the duffle bag that had been packed and checked repeatedly for months and set off for the hospital.

Mona opted to have the epidural, her sweet David held her hand as the medical team prepared her to push. Her labor was painful but thankfully she was part of the lucky few who got through it quickly. After a few pushes accompanied by guttural screams, Henry David Kunst was born into the world. David was given the honor of cutting the umbilical cord, tears of joy streamed down his face as their son was taken away to be swaddled.

Their excitement and happiness was short-lived as the realization set in. The doctor and his delivery team had taken Henry over to the corner of the room and were huddled together tightly, speaking in hushed whispers.

“Is everything okay, Doc?”

David’s voice cut through the silence in the room like a scalpel through the cold skin of a cadaver.

The silence in the room finally registered in Mona's ears. She knew before her doctor came over to deliver the news. Her heart sank, leaving in its place a void so dark she feared it would swallow her from within.

“Doc, please. An update. Is something wrong?”

Her husband was either too stupid to realize or was desperately trying to will a miracle into the universe. Either way, she had already turned icy towards the man she loved. Tears cascaded down her cheeks as she silently wept behind him. The soreness in her body and the acute pain between her legs felt like nothing compared to the black hole in her chest.

While a nurse frantically prepared to intubate Henry, Dr. Gein turned around to inform the family of what was happening.

“We are doing everything we possibly can. We don't know what is causing the issue but your son is not breathing. I am so sorry.”

The words hit like a dump truck. Mona instinctively knew that there was something terribly wrong, but hearing the doctor confirm her worst fears hurt far more than she anticipated. A primal scream pierced her lips. She slapped her hand over her mouth and began to hyperventilate as the waves of terror crashed over her. As her mind raced to find a solution, she found herself silently praying. She didn't believe in any sort of ethereal being that granted miracles but if ever there was a time for her to pray, it was now.

David paced the room, his fingers laced behind his head as he rambled like a maniac under his breath, Mona assumed he was doing the same thing she was. For some reason, she hated him for it. He had no idea what this truly felt like. All he did was make the occasional dinner and rub her feet. She actually *grew* their fucking child inside of her. He could never possibly begin to fathom the true pain that chewed at her insides, gnashing at her uterus like a great white shark in a frenzy. Her head began to swim, the room spun from view as her vision blackened.

***

Days turned to weeks, weeks devolved into months. David and Mona’s relationship hardly hung on by a thread. They argued constantly, turning bitter towards one another. Couples therapy was the only time they

managed to have a conversation that didn't erupt into a screaming match. As much as they resented one another, the love was still there, buried in the rubble.

Eventually they managed to get on better terms, but never managed to fully return to who they were before the pregnancy. David doted on Mona, he did his best to rekindle the random acts he had been so good at before the loss of their son. He would often show up after a long shift from work holding a bouquet of flowers before taking her out for a night of fun that typically ended in going out dancing. He would cook for her every weekend, often making elaborate meals and punctuating them with silly poems professing his love for his wife as if they were high school sweethearts again. Mona's secret resentment was never apparent but they had struggled heavily with intimacy and continued to do so, no matter how much David did for her. He never expected anything in return, but he missed the touch of his wife. He understood sex would be a difficult hurdle to jump, but her utter lack of affection in even the smallest ways chipped away at him.

The pregnancy was something they had never expected. Due to the immense struggle of getting pregnant the first time around and the catastrophic outcome that followed, they never expected for it to happen again so quickly once they finally shared a bed. They only had sex a few times but, "Once is all it takes!" as Dr. Gein had told them.

With bated breath, they walked on eggshells through their second pregnancy. Mona was terrified to become too excited but David did all he could to shower her with love, he was often excited enough for the two of them. His excitement eventually rubbed off on his wife and Mona was positively glowing by the time she was ready to pop.

Dr. Edmund Gein was ecstatic to see the couple come back into his delivery room. He knew they had struggled deeply with the loss of their son but felt confident that this go around would be far smoother. To everyone’s delight he was correct. Morgan Mabel Kunst began crying the moment she was pulled from between her mother’s legs. Dr. Gein himself sobbed with happiness along with the Kunst family as they celebrated the arrival of their baby girl.

It quickly became obvious that Morgan had some struggles. She hardly made a sound and almost never engaged in any form of stimulation. She also showed the rather common physical attributes indicating mental

illness. One visit to a specialist is all it took to get the diagnosis that Morgan had Down Syndrome. Mona and David took the news differently. David was ready to do absolutely everything in his power to provide an incredible life for his beautiful daughter. Mona on the other hand immediately grew to resent the child, feeling as though the world was punishing her. Why else had she lost her first *normal* child only to be sent this cruel joke of a replacement?

Mona quickly pulled away from David and her daughter, she wouldn't even say the child's name without it oozing with venom. Her depression and anger festered and grew into a hatred the likes of which shocked even herself. She became cruel towards David and downright evil towards the girl that crawled her way from within her. Whenever she was left alone with the child she would lock her away. On more than one occasion, she tried shaking her daughter to shut her up.

David's job would sometimes require him to travel for a few days at a time, it was rare but not unheard of. He was unaware of the physical abuse that befell his daughter and thus was excited for the one-on-one bonding time that Mona and Morgan would get during his brief stint at a conference across the country. He hoped that while he was gone, Mona would connect more with their daughter and find her sparkle again.

Mona put on her best fake smile and held up her imbecilic child's hand, waving her daddy goodbye. David gave a sorrowful wave in return, blowing his wife and daughter a kiss. He told himself as soon as he returned he would step up to try and break Mona free of the darkness that suffocated their home with her terrible mood. Since the birth of Morgan he was so busy with raising the child that he had stopped treating his wife like the queen he thought she was. She deserved better from him.

As soon as David's car had backed out of the driveway and turned down the street, Mona carried her young daughter inside and slammed the door. She held the girl out at arms length as if disgusted by her very existence and with a thud and a scream, dropped the girl to the floor. She ignored the child's pained cries and left her there wailing while she carried on with her life as if Morgan didn't exist.

Ever since the diagnosis, Mona struggled with substance abuse. She did a decent job of hiding it from her husband, but he wasn't stupid. He had brought up her drinking problem on multiple occasions, citing that it was

doing far more harm than good when it came to her depression. She kept telling him she would change knowing full well she had no plans to do so.

She had never done anything harder than smoke marijuana on occasion in high school and college, but when she learned that her husband would be leaving for a full week she decided it was time to try something heavier than the vodka to numb her pain and silence the never ending torrent of hatred that burned through her mind with every waking moment.

Mona hurried to the spare bedroom and opened the closet. She moved some boxes around, sneezing as the dust triggered her allergies. She found what she was looking for and pulled the small bag of yellow powder along with a burnt spoon and needle that showed obvious signs of use from within a lockbox. She went back downstairs, returning to the screaming child. She gave Morgan a look of disgust as she told herself that it was the kids fault she hated her, not her own. If her daughter wasn't a fucking retard maybe she'd have been a more loving parent but no, she was stuck with the funny looking dipshit.

She sidestepped her daughter and went into the kitchen where she pulled her bottle of vodka from the freezer. She bypassed the shot glass and instead poured herself 4 fingers of the chilled poison. She tipped it back and pounded the entire glass before refilling another. Morgan's screaming was ceaseless and was beginning to give her a headache.

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up!"

She guzzled down the second glass of vodka and slammed her fist. The force of her fist hitting the wooden cutting board surface of her kitchen island shattered the glass on impact, miraculously her hand was unscathed. She screamed in frustration as she stomped out of the room to tend to the needy little shit she was stuck with for the next few days.

All she wanted was for the kid to sleep, to stop crying and shut her stupid fucking eyes. She picked the child up off the ground putting on her best interpretation of a caring mother's voice.

"Oh no, did mommy hurt you? Is mommy's little retard sad because she's too fucking stupid to speak? Awwwwww. What's the matter?"

She continued to coo at the child making horrible remarks while Morgan finally began to calm down, not understanding the vicious insults were not in fact loving attempts to settle her. The child stopped crying quickly and where her face was previously screwed up with pain and fear, appeared a goofy little smile. She began to giggle at the hateful woman's words.

A moment of clarity blossomed in Mona's alcohol-clouded mind. For a moment she saw past her daughter's condition. The child's sweet smile pierced her blackened heart and clawed at her matronly instincts. Momentarily she was speechless, realizing that this is how it was always supposed to be. She brought her daughter in close and began gently bouncing her. Morgan's giggles and sounds of happiness subsided as sleep overtook her.

The alcohol weighed heavily on Mona's ability to operate her own body. With the bundle of heroin and paraphernalia wedged in the back pocket of her jeans and Morgan in her arms, she stumbled back into the kitchen to grab a lighter. She set Morgan down next to the roast she had on the counter so she could search through the junk drawer for the old Bic she knew had to be somewhere in there. She planned on cooking just once while her husband was gone, beef pot roast was an easy enough meal to throw together. It made a ton of food and was delicious.

Once she acquired the lighter she scooped up the bundle left on the counter and hobbled upstairs. The room spun as she approached the crib, the bundle she carried slipped from her arms. She quickly bent to console her daughter, fully expecting to be faced once again with screaming but was relieved that the child didn't even wake up. She left the door open and made her way down the hall to her own bedroom. She had finally acted like a real mother, she earned this hit.

As a first timer, she had no idea how much heroin she should inject. She prepared about a quarter of the small baggie exactly how the dealer had told her to. She made a tourniquet from one of her belts and winced as the needle punctured her arm. The alcohol made focusing difficult and she missed her vein on the first attempt. She slid the needle back out, took aim, and pushed it back in, hitting her mark on the second attempt. Without a second thought, she slammed the plunger home and released the tension on the belt.

She had no idea how long she had been out, but felt the effects of the alcohol still strong within her body. The euphoric feeling of the heroine clouded her mind and felt incredible. She clambered to her feet and left the room.

On her way downstairs, she peeked her head into her daughter's room. She couldn't hear anything but assumed the girl was still deeply asleep. *Perfect.* She smiled to herself and continued down the stairs. She was

vaguely aware that time was skipping for her. The perception of the world around her was strange but she tried to not let it fuck with her too much, she didn’t want to start panicking.

Another quick shot to maintain was all it took and she was ready to put on her proverbial chef's hat. Mona cranked the radio in the kitchen, her favorite station pumping Opera music into the room, she got to work. Pot roast was her specialty. She quickly prepared her ingredients and loaded them all into her huge Dutch oven hardly even looking down at what she was doing. By some miracle she had avoided cutting herself and after tossing in her quartered potatoes it was time to add the roast. Mona looked around but was confused by the absence of her prime beef. She shrieked when she saw it on the floor, a bloody splat had erupted in all directions from the force of its landing. She stripped the rags she had left it in and gave the room temperature meat a quick rinse before laying it upon the bed of prepped veggies. She looked lovingly down at the mangled meat and replaced the lid.

Newfound thoughts of the love she felt towards her peacefully sleeping daughter upstairs lit her heart on fire with excitement. She knew she could never undo the terrible things she had put the poor child through but vowed that this would be the end of her atrocious behavior.

Her mind registered the muffled cries coming from the freshly lidded Dutch oven but stuffed it into the oven without a second thought. The heroin was wearing off and her mind was focused on only one thing, seamlessly switching from her daughter to getting her next fix. She set the timer and hurried back upstairs. She prepared a second shot of the drug, this time filling the entire barrel with the deadly yet delicious drug.

The moment she released the belt she knew she fucked up. Her vision blurred before going black completely. The loud music from downstairs stopped and a male voice in the distance began screaming her name.

David had started to feel nervous as he pulled away from his home. He pushed it off and continued to the airport. Upon making his way through security he rushed to the bathroom. He hardly made it to the stall and slammed the lock home before throwing up, the contents of his stomach violently spraying the door. He rushed to pull his pants down and the moment his cheeks touched the seat he was shitting like a horse.

He missed his flight. The janitor had shut down the bathroom he was in and pushed a bin under the stall door so that David could continue puking

and shitting until he was okay to go home. Airport staff helped make his exit discreet and after a few hours of dealing with the most violent stomach bug he'd ever encountered he was on his way home. He pulled into the driveway as the sun was setting.

He hurried up the steps excited to see his family, ready to make things better with his wife once he was certain his illness had passed. As he went to unlock the door he heard the loud opera coming from the kitchen. He was happy to know his wife had regained some of her old self; she hadn't played music while cooking since the birth of Morgan. He was, however, concerned with the volume of the music. Morgan should be in bed by now, how careless could his wife be?

He made his way into the kitchen to shut off the radio. A shadow of anger crossed his face when he saw the vodka bottle that had significantly reduced in volume since he had checked it before leaving for the airport. His wife must be fucking hammered. He looked over at the oven and saw that it had been set to Broil. He looked through the window and saw that Mona was attempting to cook her famous pot roast.

He heard a heavy thud from upstairs as he dropped the temperature of the oven to 350 degrees. He assumed the worst and called out his wife's name. When she didn't respond he called out more frantically, rushing up the stairs.

He hurried into the bedroom to see Mona sprawled out on the floor, a needle was sticking out of her left arm. Foam and bile was surging from her mouth as she shook. He rolled her onto her side and ran to the phone, dialing 9-1-1. After the operator assured that the ambulance was on its way he wiped the tears from his eyes and set out to find his daughter. He peeked into her room and saw the bundle, unmoving in the crib. She must've gotten his ability to sleep through anything.

He didn't bother turning on the light. As he quickly approached he knew something was terribly wrong. Even under the mass of blankets, he knew the shape was incorrect.

"No, no, no, no, *NO!*"

He ran down the stairs as fast as he could. He used the pillar at the end of the banister to help rotate around the corner and continued to run into the kitchen. The pleasant scent of Mona's pot roast permeated the room. David prepared himself for what he was about to uncover. He turned the knob on the oven to "OFF" and opened the door.

Savory smells erupted from the oven as he flung the door open. He didn't bother to use a mitt. He yanked the tray out and pulled the lid off of the Dutch oven that he had bought for Mona on their honeymoon in Europe.

David’s mind warped as his brain tried to shield him from the reality of what he saw. He hardly registered the searing pain as the cast iron grip of the lid melted the skin on his right hand, burning through flesh and blackening the bone beneath. He dropped it by his side and stood for a moment in silence.

The scene he had uncovered within was seared into his mind as he walked out to his shed. The sirens of the ambulance and fire engine grew closer as he tied the noose. He tried to blink away the vivid image of his daughter curled into the fetal position upon a bed of onions, carrots, and potatoes. Her angry red skin bubbled and spurts of clear fluids erupted from every blister that formed. Hot tears ran down his cheeks as he fitted the coarse rope around his neck. He heard the squeal of tires as the emergency response vehicles skidded to a stop outside his home. He kicked out the stool as he heard their frantic voices yelling for him to open the door. His final moments were filled with the exploding sounds of splintering wood and the memories he had shared with his daughter.

Mona was rushed to the hospital. Her stomach was pumped and she was placed on a ventilator. Her coma lasted weeks, but finally she awoke to the sounds of beeping and the potent sterile scent of a hospital. A nurse rushed over to her as she opened her eyes. Her first words were:

“Where is David? Does he have Morgan?”

The death of their daughter was ruled as a murder. Due to the phone call to 9-1-1 never mentioning their infant daughter, it was assumed that David had stuffed the child into the oven. Upon finding out what had happened, Mona who had clearly been battling with addiction rushed up the stairs to attempt to take her own life by overdosing on Heroin. When he realized that killing his special needs daughter had pushed his tormented wife to suicide, he had a moment of clarity where he called 9-1-1 in hysterics begging them to save his wife. In an attempt to remedy the situation he hurried to pull his daughter from the oven before the paramedics arrived. Realizing she was well and truly dead he chose to take his own life instead of facing the law for the atrocity he had inflicted upon his family.

Mona never argued these claims. A coward, she decided to ride the lie, allowing neighbors, friends, and family to desecrate her late husband’s

name. Instead of selling the home where the horrors had happened for fear that someone would uncover the truth, she chose to live with the extreme guilt of her selfishness. She struggled with it every day but fought hard to maintain some semblance of normalcy. This was a secret she planned to take to the grave and no matter how badly she wanted to die, she had always been too chickenshit to take her own life.

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CHAPTER 24

Kendra explained her thoughts to Adrian as they made their way up the path towards the school where she knew she would find Kunst. Since the moment they met, she had a strange feeling about the woman. If there was anything Kendra had learned recently in life, it was to trust her fucking gut, and her gut told her that Mona Kunst was bad news. It wasn't because of how she spoke or even how she carried herself. It was her aura. She was stern and demanded respect but there was a strange underlying softness to her. Like everything she did was being scrutinized, second guessed, and triple verified. She had very little self confidence and her severity was just a facade. Kendra could smell a bullshitter from a mile away, and from day one she tested boundaries with the principal. She tried to play it cool and act tough but deep down, Kendra knew she was a broken woman in the worst way. She could damn near see the dark cloud that hung over the old bat.

"It just all feels really fucking convenient. Her kid gets cooked in the oven and her husband kills himself while she's overdosing on heroin upstairs?"

Adrian nodded his agreement that this definitely seemed to be a lot less cut and dry than the article Kendra told him about made it seem. He too had his suspicions about the woman. Everyone in her school got away with everything. It was almost as if she spent her entire life saving face and only being as involved as she needed to be to remain relevant.

"So you think she accidentally cooked her kid, and her husband found it then killed himself? Bit of a stretch, no? Like, I agree she's got something

going on but-"

Kendra cut him off before he could finish.

"I wasn't done explaining. After the fact, they found a five pound fucking chuck roast wrapped up in blankets in the baby's crib."

Adrian stopped walking and looked at her.

"So the police thought *he* cooked the kid, and hid a roast in the crib, then killed himself out of remorse? Were they fucking stupid?"

Kendra didn't stop with him, she was having a hard enough time climbing up the steep path. She issued the response over her shoulder.

"Fuckin BINGO."

The hallways of the school were dark, but the lights of the office were on, just as Kendra suspected they would be.

"Bets on whether or not she's got a blanket and pillow on the couch in there."

Adrian put his arm over Kendra, pulling her close as they walked.

"You seem to have this whole thing sorted, so I guess if you predict it then it'll come true."

Kendra smiled at him.

"I'm *always* right."

Together they snuck around the building, taking the back way to get to the office entry in case their principal was sitting at her desk. When they reached the door, Kendra put a finger to her lips as if the blood-soaked boy before her had no idea how to conduct himself in such a situation. He grinned at her and made like he was going to knock on the door. Kendra flicked him on the forehead in annoyance.

Adrian very slowly reached out for the handle and gently tried it, it began to turn. He felt the mechanism inside engaging, meaning the door wasn't locked. He backed his hand off carefully and the pair of them listened intently to see if there would be a response to their test-invasion. Nothing.

Kendra held her hand up as Adrian had done earlier back at the field house, and began to give him a silent countdown from five. “Butterflies” wasn't a violent enough description for what was happening inside her chest. An entire hive of bees swarmed within her as she counted down. When she got to three, the door was wrenched open quickly from the inside.

"Who the fu-? *What* the fuck?!"

Kendra didn't skip a beat. As soon as the door opened and she found herself staring up into the husk of a woman's eyes, she rushed inside. Adrian

pushed Kunst back, her frame was lightweight and felt brittle to his touch. She stumbled back and tripped. Had she set up her desk just a few feet further back into the room, she would've cracked her skull on the hard wooden edge. Instead, she slammed her hip into it, shrieking her discomfort. While Adrian dealt with keeping her in the room, Kendra closed and locked the door then went and pulled the blinds at the window shut.

"Sit."

The command that was issued from Kendra's lips seemed to shove the woman back. Without a word of protest, she reached behind herself and felt for the arm of her chair and sat down.

"Why are you two covered in blood?"

The question was calm, but it was obvious she was panicking just below the surface.

Kendra sat on the desk opposite her principal, crossing her legs while Adrian quietly took a seat in one of the visitor chairs behind Kendra. He looked over at the couch and noted that sure enough, there was a blanket and pillow there.

"Oh, we just wanted to see how it felt to walk a half- Adrian, I want to be accurate here. How far is that walk up the hill?"

"Probably a quarter of a mile, maybe a third?"

"Whatever. We wanted to see how it felt to walk however far that was, in *your* shoes."

Ms. Kunst raised her eyebrows and looked from Kendra to Adrian and back at Kendra again.

"Excuse me?"

"Oh, come the fuck on. This shouldn't be rocket science, *Kunst*."

"Listen, *Kendra*, I don't know what kind of trouble you two are in, but I can help you."

"What, are you going to kill yourself and take the blame for what we just got done doing to Tommy and Devin in the field house down the hill? I can tell the funeral director you want to be buried with your dead husband who couldn't seem to get away from you quickly enough."

"How did you know-"

"Oh! Better idea, We can find you a burial plot near your oven-braised baby. What was her name? Morgan?"

Tears were welling up in Mona's eyes but they didn't look like tears of sorrow. She looked *afraid.*

"Nobody is supposed to know… How the fuck did you learn about Morgan? How did you know about David? Who the hell are you?"

Kendra laughed, a single, harsh syllable.

"Ha! For someone with such closely guarded secrets, you'd think those secrets would at the very least be locked away."

Kendra watched as her principal looked down towards the bottom drawer of her desk slowly before looking back up into her eyes. She smiled then nodded and hopped off the desk, kneeling down to open the drawer. She pulled out the photo album, the gun, and the pack of confiscated cigarettes.

"Oh thank fuck. You left a few in here for me. Anyways, this shouldn't come as a shocker. But if you plan on leaving an unattended teen in your office while you run around putting out fires from disgruntled parents, maybe assume they're going to snoop through your shit? I mean, you were gone for like fifteen whole minutes. I was *bored*."

She popped a cigarette in her mouth.

“Got a light?”

Ms. Kunst glared up at Kendra, whose face had turned to stone. Kendra could see the cogs turning in her mind as she tried to create some sort of excuse.

“... Ooookay, I'll find it myself.”

She opened the top drawer and smiled when she saw the lighter. She lit her cigarette and took a drag.

“First time’s the charm eh? Anyways. I did maybe thirty minutes of Googling you. Literally on the *first fucking page* was the link to the archived newspaper article about your daughter's death and husbands suicide. It cited the police report and everything. Thirty minutes, Mona, and I was able to figure out your entire story. Did you have to do any convincing or were those cops as fucking stupid as you're pretending to be right now?"

Kendra didn't give the unraveling woman a moment to think, let alone speak. She took another drag and blew the acrid smoke in her principal's face.

"And what happened to the first kid? I can't really tell from a single photo of a pussy juice-covered infant, but it looked to me like that was a boy. Did you kill him too, or was that one an accident?"

At this, Mona burst into tears.

"You're an evil little girl!"

Kendra only smiled at the insult.

"Wanna know what I think? I think you got zooted out of your fucking mind. I think you accidentally tossed your kid into the oven and put the roast to bed. I think you were too busy trying to slam another hit of heroin into your arm before reality came back to punch you in that dusty old cunt of yours."

Kendra held up the gun and smiled.

"I bet if I pop open the cylinder, I'm only going to find a single bullet in here. Tell me, Kunst. How long have you been contemplating suicide?"

She released the cylinder and gasped in her excitement.

"Wow, I am too good!"

The principal continued to cry into her lap, mumbling something that vaguely sounded like begging Kendra to stop.

"Oops! I forgot about the first kid again. Let's see," Kendra tapped her bloody finger to her gore-splattered lip as if deep in thought, "I think baby number one threw in the towel before it even met you. Nine months in that cavernous gash would drive just about anyone to taking the express line off this earth. Let me guess, stillborn?"

Mona screamed indiscernibly and buried her face into her hands.

"I don't blame the kid. Dodged a bullet by the looks of it, getting broiled alive sounds fucking terrible. Although, I suppose I would've preferred that over the things my mother put *me* through."

Kendra reached out and put a sticky finger beneath Mona's chin. The dried blood began to rehydrate when it came into contact with the blubbering woman's tears. She gently tilted her principal's head up so that she could gaze into her eyes.

"You're a real piece of shit human, but you're still somehow miles better than the woman who raised me. Because of that, I promise to not drag this out longer than I need to."

Kendra turned to Adrian and gave him a slight nod before looking back into Kunst's eyes.

"I need you to stop fucking crying and tell me that you understand why I'm doing this."

Mona deflated as if Kendra had just let all of the air out of her. She felt the gentle pressure under her chin and looked up into the teen's crazed eyes.

"I've been ready to die since the day I woke up from my coma. Thanks to you, I don't have to do it myself. You promise to make it quick?"

The corners of Kendra's lips turned up into a small smile. Adrian had made his way behind the woman and held the knife that was used on Rusty, Dani, and Scott up to her throat. He placed a bloody hand on her forehead and gently pulled his principal's head back into his chest. She whimpered softly but didn't struggle.

"I promise."

Kendra's smile widened as the woman closed her eyes and spoke through trembling lips.

"I understand that you are doing this because I killed my daughter and let my husband take the blame for what I did. I deserve to die, I am ready."

"Good! It's settled then!"

Kendra clapped and hopped down from the desk. She pulled the cigarette from her mouth and put it out in the middle of Kunst’s forehead. The Bat screamed in response. Adrian drug the cool steel across Mona Kunst's throat, causing her to shudder.

After a few moments, Mona brought her hands up to her neck and felt where the blade had been drawn across the thin flesh. There was no blood, not even a small scratch had been made. She opened her eyes.

"Unfortunately for you, I'm a bit of a liar."

Kendra cackled as the woman's eyes grew wide just before Adrian slammed the butt of the knife's handle into the base of her skull.

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CHAPTER 25

The first thing she felt when she awoke was the wadded up cotton material that was stuffed in her mouth. There was a sour taste that Mona couldn’t place but it was familiar. She was unable to spit it out due to the duct tape that was wrapped around her head. The second feeling she became aware of was her nudity. She registered her heavy breasts squished beneath her on her cold desk without the protective layer of her bra and shirt.

She tried to scream as she realized that she wasn’t just topless, and she wasn't experiencing an earthquake. The wet slapping sounds echoed in her mind when she realized she was being raped. She finally opened her eyes. Tears blurred her vision but she was still able to see that Kendra’s legs were spread inches from her nose. The gore soaked girl had no panties on, her mini skirt was pulled back as she finger fucked herself to the beat of Adrian pounding at her from behind. She put two and two together, realizing that the sour tasting gag in her mouth was her own underwear. She was tasting her own discharge and farts as Adrian stole any final shreds of dignity she had left.

She turned her head away from Kendra’s masturbation, the younger girl was saying something about her own mother as she alternated between rubbing her clit and slipping her fingers inside herself. Mona tried to tune out the sounds of wet slapping that came from behind while Kendra stirred mac n cheese in her face.

She gasped as she felt Adrian’s seed explode inside of her, followed by Kendra’s hand gripping her hair and wrenching her head back. The shame

exploded throughout every fiber of Mona's being as Kendra's hot spray of vaginal discharge waterboarded her.

She had heard the term squirting before. Her late husband used to claim that he was going to “fuck her so good she was going to squirt” but the promise was never fulfilled.

Kendra allowed a beat of satisfaction to wash over her. She and Adrian had once again cum together, they didn’t even need to be intimate with one another to be in sync. The thought of this brought a devious smile to her lips as she dipped her middle finger inside herself one more time so she could taste the fruits of her sexual deviancy.

Mona watched as Adrian's naked form appeared in her peripheral. He stopped by Kendra and kissed her passionately as the girl grabbed his deflating shaft to give it a few strokes. She licked her palm and made a show of gagging her disgust, further degrading Mona as she continued to cry.

"For fuck's sake woman. I've heard of spoiled goods but just because you're old doesn't mean you have to let your hygiene slip. That's one point for my mom, her pussy tasted like water compared to yours."

Kendra plucked a cigarette from the pack next to her and put it in her mouth. She inhaled as she lit the cancer stick and exhaled a plume of smoke into the principal's face.

Mona didn't bother trying to get up from the desk. Her body ached, the blow to the back of her head and the vicious pounding Adrian had just subjected her to left her feeling helpless and broken. She let the tears flow freely.

Adrian brought his backpack over to the desk he had bent his principal over. He unzipped the large compartment and the already rancid smelling bag erupted with a scent so violent, Mona couldn't hold back.

She threw up into her mouth, the hot and sour mixture pressed against the duct tape and infused with the flavors of her crusty panties. Small rivulets of the rancid fluid dribbled from the corners of her mouth as the hot chunks of the canned soup she had for dinner pressed their way into her sinuses in such a massive quantity she could feel the pressure build under her eyes and push towards her ears before the thick concoction was able to depressurize by spraying from her nose. The violent reaction repeated, further causing her head to spin as more chunks of her unprocessed dinner got stuck in the passages of her upper respiratory system.

"Looks like we got ourselves a fuckin' puker."

Adrian laughed as he pulled his filthy backpack from the desk as if the vomit would somehow be more gross than the organic decay that lined the large compartment's innards.

Kendra scoffed and took another pull from her cigarette.

"To be fair you're literally carrying the black fucking plague around in that thing."

Adrian shrugged his relent with a smile.

"You got me there, babe."

Mona continued to sob silently, allowing her cheek to rest in the expanse of filth upon her desk. All she wanted was for this to end. These kids were absolutely fucking insane.

Adrian pulled blood-drenched rusty tools from his bag and placed them within Mona's line of sight. She tilted her head slightly to get a better look at the red and brown mass of weaponry and shuddered. Kendra told the truth when she called herself a liar. Mona was in for a long night.

"I wish I would've figured out a way to make this more authentic but I suppose we'll just have to roll with my idea and adapt as we go."

"What exactly is your plan for this one?"

Kendra snickered.

"Ever heard of a *Blood Eagle*?"

Mona's heart plummeted. She had been heavily interested in history when she attended college. Her main focus was Vikings. She remembered the discussions that her class had in regards to the horrifying ritual. Speculation among experts stated that the ritual was little more than a parable. The actual act of removing a human's lungs out through the back of their thoracic cavity while they were still alive was debunked as impossible. Sure, the person might live until the cavity was breached, enduring an incredible amount of pain and suffering. But the odds of their lungs operating properly long enough for the symbolic fluttering of the wings to occur was hypothetically impossible. None of this knowledge was a comfort to Mona. Regardless of the success rate of the ritual, she knew Kendra still fully intended to give it her best attempt.

"Nope, I guess it's my turn to observe!"

"I'm actually going to need your help… probably a lot."

Adrian pecked Kendra on the forehead and picked up the foul smelling shotgun.

"Your wish is my command, my love!"

"Good answer! First wish, put that down. We need to start by giving this bitch some wings."

"Sure, sure."

Adrian nodded like he knew all along and put the gun back down among the tools of mutilation.

"Can you explain that second part further?"

Kendra directed Adrian between taking drags off her cigarette. She told him where to cut and what to do every step of the way. Mona's muffled screams fell upon deaf ears as Adrian worked at her back with a slew of tools.

First, he used the box cutter to cut a deep line straight down Mona's spine. The blade dulled as it bounced along the woman's vertebrae. He struggled to keep the line straight as every time the blade came into contact with bone, an explosion of pain erupted through his subject's body. He was meticulous as he used the blade to cut lines from the base of her neck out towards her shoulders and repeated the outward cuts at her hips, creating a bloody doorway into her body from behind. He retired the box cutter and picked up the sharp chef's knife for the next step.

Like a butcher, Adrian used the knife to separate skin from muscle so he could slowly peel back the flaps. He took his time, treating this like any one of his macabre taxidermy projects. He took great pride in the work he did as Kendra continued conducting him like a deviant puppeteer. The more he cut and yanked, the more the blood that oozed from within the woman obstructed his vision. He had to keep wiping his hands on his already bloody thighs and chest to keep them clean while Kendra did her best to sop up some of the endlessly flowing life essence with his wadded up shirt.

Beneath the layer of surprisingly thick skin, Mona's tired muscles glistened. She had stopped resisting the destruction and appeared to have passed out but Kendra checked her neck every so often to make sure she was still breathing. She was fairly certain that the pulsing of blood meant the woman's heart was working but the amount of the crimson liquid that continued to pump from every inch of her exposed insides was slowing.

Without describing the next step, Kendra handed Adrian the only two clean-ish tools that remained in the pile. He accepted the hammer and chisel, reading Kendra's mind, he used the hammer to drive the incredibly sharp end of the thick chisel in between where the woman's ribs where they

connected to her spine. The dying woman's eyes shot open with the first strike. She screamed into her rotten panties as the explosive popping sound sent shiver's down Adrian and Kendra's spines. Her eyes fluttered to a close after the fifth rib was separated.

"We need to hurry, we're losing her!"

Adrian nodded his head and hastily broke away the rest of the dying woman's ribs.

"Now what?"

Kendra took one final puff and dropped the butt of her cigarette on the ground, stomping it out. She pushed her fingers into the meat between the woman's ribs, fighting to press them through muscles. The sound of tearing signaled she had made it through. With a huff, she grabbed the bottommost one. With a great heave, she yanked back like she was starting a lawn mower. Sweat was beading her brow and her hair fell into her face as she reset her grip to try again. Once again, Mona's eyes opened, bulging as she screamed. The effect didn't quite work out how Kendra had hoped. She tugged at the slick bone again, putting all of her weight into the action. She could feel it giving way, but she just couldn't get it. She screamed on the third attempt, giving it every ounce of power her tiny body had. The resulting pop made Adrian's chisel work sound like it was on mute by comparison. More hot stomach acid exploded from Mona's nose as she screamed out in agony.

Adrian followed Kendra's lead and grabbed a rib, yanking at it as hard as he could. A shockwave shot through his arm as the bone snapped back. A thin splatter of blood shot across his face as he laughed and grabbed another rib, repeating the process over and over while Kendra continued to do her best to break her second rib. By the end of it, Mona was panting. Her eyes rolled around wildly as she moaned. Her ribs had all been broken from inside to out, leaving a gaping hole into her thoracic cavity where her lungs were no longer working.

Kendra was bummed to find out that the window of gore did not allow her to see the woman's heart as it gave its final few pumps. Her lungs flattened as the muscles around her ribs could no longer support proper functionality.

"Well, the climax of this is watching the lungs flutter with one final breath but I guess we weren't quick enough."

Adrian reached into the cavity and pulled one lung out, then the other. He pushed them between the ribs so they would be held in place.

Kendra wrapped her arms around him and leaned into his side as she gazed down upon the repugnant art installation they had just collaborated on.

"Still looks pretty fuckin cool if you ask me."

She looked up at Adrian with a small smile.

"You're just saying that to be nice to me."

Adrian squeezed her tight and looked down at her, scoffing.

"I'm serious! I mean, fuck. Look at her."

Mona's mutilated corpse looked like something out of a banned horror movie. The violations were so horrific that even in person they looked almost cartoonish. She was still bent over the desk. The crown of bloody ribs that extended towards the heavens, some still coated heavily in muscle, glistened in the light from above. A spectacular pool of blood encompassed her pale body. The gaping cavern of meat had been emptied of its visible contents, the flappy hunks of her internal organs were wedged unceremoniously between the protruding broken bones.

Adrian packed up his tools and wrung out his bloody shirt as best he could before slipping it and his pants on. He put his backpack on and pulled the straps tight so it sat snug against his spine. Before heading to the door, he looked at the gun Kendra had used to further humiliate their late principal. He considered its significance to the woman. One bullet. He picked up the gore-soaked revolver and, while Kendra wasn’t looking, slipped the heavy piece into the waistband of his pants.

Kendra walked a few laps around the woman. She had been right about Mona's revolting secret. She was proud of the work she and Adrian had done. Her mind began to race with ideas as she joined him at the door. An idea popped into her head and she rushed back into the office before Adrian could stop her.

She plucked the final cigarette from her pack and lit it, then stuck it between the dead principal's lips and left it there.

"No smoking on school property Ms. Kunst! But I guess you earned that one."

She giggled and returned to Adrian's side. Together they left the office and made their way to the path that went back down the hill. It was the long way to Adrian's house, but it was also the most inconspicuous. She thought

about how they would need to flee town. She wondered what time it was as they padded down the earthy walkway through the trees. She underestimated just how exhausted she was.

Adrian noticed Kendra slowing down as they made their way across the field.

"I'm fine, I can walk!"

Adrian scooped the only girl he could ever love up into his arms. She was asleep before they even made it the rest of the way across the field.

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CHAPTER 26

Adrian walked right past the front of his home. His arms burned from carrying the sleeping girl but he wasn't quite ready to put her down. She stirred ever so slightly as they crossed to the backyard, almost as if her body knew she was close to the bed he knew she yearned for.

The first beams of sunlight broke over the horizon, turning the sky a vibrant pinkish purple as Adrian made his way into the woods with Kendra snoring gently in his arms. The sun continued to rise, igniting the forest in a dazzling symphony of color. Adrian marveled in its natural beauty as he continued along the well beaten path. Birds sang a solemn song all around him like mourning angels as he walked. Sirens in the distance harmonized their sorrowful tune.

Adrian quietly hummed as the wailing of the emergency response vehicles grew louder. He breached the perimeter of the clearing while daydreaming about what the looks on everyone’s faces must have been when they found principal Kunst's ruined body in the blood-soaked office. He wondered if anyone had found Tommy and Devin yet, not that they’d be able to identify either of the bodies without some serious crime unit voodoo. Either way, he was sure that the beautiful pieces he and Kendra created were now permanently etched into the minds of every unfortunate soul that happened upon them.

Adrian took a knee, gently laying Kendra down onto the large rock where so many of his early masterpieces had come to life. His previous vile offering was long gone, only the stains of putrid liquified rat carrion

remained. He slowly shouldered his backpack off, opening it as quietly as he could.

“What’s going on?”

Kendra leaned forward, pushing herself up on her elbows before sleepily looking around. She yawned and smacked her lips.

"Why are we way out here?"

Her words slid lazily from her mouth, she was still deeply tired.

"Is this where we are hiding out?"

Adrian continued rummaging in his bag.

"Yeah, I figured we could lay low out here for a second."

Kendra was too out of it to recognize the angst in his voice as he told her the lie.

He pulled the shotgun out of his bag and propped it against the rock. Kendra was still looking around like it was her first time seeing the world. He stood up and held one hand behind his back.

Kendra's eyes widened. For a moment, he thought she had seen what he slipped behind him. Relief washed over him when a look of excitement settled on her face.

"Those are sirens! Do you think they found the bodies?"

Adrian leaned in and kissed her on the forehead then smiled, holding her chin between his thumb and pointer finger.

“They definitely found Kunst, I don't know about the others though. It's only a matter of time before they find your mom and Scott.”

She smiled warmly back at him and nuzzled her face against his hand.

“Kendra, I want to tell you something.”

His tone insinuated that something serious was coming. A look of genuine worry crossed her face, but she recovered quickly. She nodded.

“You can tell me anything.”

Adrian pushed her bangs out of her eyes and held the side of her head in his left hand, resting his right arm across his knee.

"I just wanted you to know…"

Kendra's eyes watered as she looked up into Adrian's. His pupils were dilated and his tone was cold. Her heart began beating quicker.

"I love you, Adrian."

The words poured from her mouth as a plea. Adrian smiled, but something still felt off.

"I wanted you to know that I'm not some sort of circus freak for you to observe."

Before Kendra could form a sentence to defend herself, the blade of the box cuter tore across her jugular. She screamed, her voice erupting forth with a horrible gurgling.

"I- I lo-oved you-ou."

Adrian pushed his right hand into the gaping hole he created, Kendra's blood lubricating his entry. He forced his wrist and forearm in as far as he could, gripping his fingers tightly around the back of Kendra's tongue from behind. She dug her nails into his arm as he lifted her into the air from inside of her own mouth.

"I've never given a single flying *fuck*," He grabbed her lower jaw in an overhand grip with his left hand, wrapping his fingers around her teeth and pushing his thumb up into the soft tissue behind her chin, "about *you*." He ripped his right hand down while pulling his left hand higher up. Kendra's eyes bulged in their sockets as her tongue and part of her esophagus was torn from her mouth and out the hole in her throat. Adrian let go and let the ruined tissue hang limp. He dropped her jaw and stepped back.

Kendra was dead before her skull cracked against the stone. Blood continued to ooze from her ruined face and neck, and began to pool out around her head.

Adrian took his time removing her clothes. Her skin was still mottled heavily with fading bruises but her form was immaculate. He felt his cock throbbing in his jeans. He considered fucking her one last time but decided he still had too much to do. He carved the word "WHORE" into her chest with the box cutter. He thought back on all of the destruction he had caused everyone he killed in the past forty eight hours as he gazed down on Kendra. He couldn't put his name on this work. She required more.

He opened the front pocket of his backpack and pulled out a bundle of climbing rope. The cool nylon felt ominous in his hands. He had used it multiple times to tie a noose but never had the balls to hang himself. He smiled.

He tied Kendra's wrists together with the rope, yanking on it as hard as he could to test the tensile strength. It held and didn't slip from around her hands. He took the leftover coil of rope and threw it over the thickest branch he could find that overhung the large rock Kendra's naked body was sprawled upon. He pulled it taut and began to use the branch to hoist

Kendra into the air. Again, the rope stayed where he needed it to. He let go and let her body slump back down.

Adrian clambered up onto the rock and straddled Kendra. He took the box cutter and ran a line from her solar plexus down to her groin. He wrenched her body open and began pulling tethers of her intestines from the opening. The bloody purple ropes were both slick and sticky in his hands. He stood and cocked his head as he looked down at her. He wished he felt something real for her. In another life, maybe she could've saved him. Instead, she treated him like an animal at the zoo. She only cared about his story, not about who he was for real. She only used him to exact her revenge, showing him his true potential for what he was capable of.

Adrian lifted his foot and jammed his heel down into her vagina as hard as he could. He felt her pelvis shatter under the force. The squishing and cracking sounds that her hole omitted were like music to his ears. He hopped down from the rock and hoisted her up into the air one last time.

Kendra's body was covered in blood. Her tongue flopped lazily from the ragged opening in her throat. Her bulging eyes stared off into nothingness forever. The letters that Adrian etched across her chest glistened in the sunlight. Below them, her entrails spilled from her opened gut and pooled on the earth beneath her. Her destroyed limp body was the single most beautiful thing Adrian had ever seen. The throbbing in his pants returned.

Adrian pulled his stiff cock from his jeans and gave it a few strokes, using the blood that still dribbled from Kendra's dangling body as a lubricant. His orgasm came quickly, lighting every nerve in his body ablaze as he shot hot cum all over his final subject's pretty little toes. He pulled his pants up and grabbed his backpack, then turned his back on the only person who would ever love him and set off for his final victim.

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CHAPTER 27

Detective Hoffman sat at his desk with his face in his hands. His mind struggled to comprehend the brutality of what he had witnessed that morning. Not only had the principal of his son's school been fucking Blood Eagled in her own fucking office, but they had also found the unrecognizable remains of two boys in the concrete building by the football field. Mona's body was hard to look at, but the bottom half of a boy with his torso and head blown to pieces all over the room and the mutilated headless body of a boy sitting on his hands and knees covered in blood and semen had throttled him. He had tried calling his son repeatedly but the line was dead.

Not that Devin would have answered, they had a falling out the previous summer when Devin caught him cheating on his wife with one of the female officers. The boy never forgave him, not that he could blame the kid. Life is complicated. He only hoped that one day Devin would come around and realize the world isn't black and white.

He looked down at the number dialed on the screen. He hadn't reached out to Kelly since their son told her about the affair. He was served papers at work and signed everything he needed to in order to speed the divorce along. He didn't fight her on anything and only ever saw her whenever it was absolutely necessary, opting to allow his lawyer to speak on his behalf in every instance.

He reached his thumb down and was about to press the little green circle when someone knocked on his door. He sat bolt upright and wiped his face,

then took a long drag of his coffee that was laced with whisky and stood up to answer the door.

"Hey Hoffman. CSI wanted me to bring this to you. They think there might be something recorded on it given the patterns of the bloody fingerprints all over it, but it's dead. Can you check it out?"

Hoffman stared at the bagged up camera for entirely too long. The effects of the alcohol were beginning to make themselves present. He reached out and grabbed it without saying a word. Officer Nielson looked concerned but nodded and took his leave. Hoffman closed the door to his office and depressed the lock button before returning to his desk and slamming the rest of his scalding hot coffee. The burning liquid felt good as it singed down his esophagus. He took his seat and set the camera down by his laptop, then pressed the call button before he could talk himself out of it again. He expected it to ring endlessly or go straight to voicemail.

"James."

He wasn't sure what he expected to hear when she picked up, but his name wasn't near the top of his list of guesses.

"H-hey Kelly."

There was an awkward moment of silence.

"I'm assuming that this call means something terrible has happened, so let's hear it."

James looked down at the camera then at his shaking hands.

"Have you heard from Devin?"

"Not since last night? They won their game and he told me he was staying at Tommy's to finish a project. Why? Should I have?"

"No, I guess not. That makes sense. He just isn't returning my calls."

"Yeah no shit he isn't returning your calls. Why do you need him anyways? I can tell him to call you back if you want?"

"Sure. That works. Thanks Kelly, I l- uh, thanks."

Her cold voice thawed.

"You're welcome."

James put his phone back down and reached into the bottom right drawer of his desk to pull out a pair of gloves. He blew into the cuffs and pulled them on before opening the ziplocked evidence bag and pulling the blood splattered camera out.

He got the SD card out before another knock at his door interrupted him.

"For fuck's sake what more could there possibly be?"

The voice on the other side of the door sounded anxious.

"We found more bodies, sir!"

James shook his head and went to the door. He wrenched it open and looked down at the terrified recruit.

"What do you mean *more* bodies?"

"A woman named Dani Masterson. We ran her information, apparently she's wanted for questioning down in Los Angeles in relation to a missing person. The other body belongs to a Mr. Scott Thompson, he's from Florida. Looks like he was traveling on business when he met Dani. We called his family to inform them that we found him dead and his wife just sort of laughed and hung up. The chief wanted me to come get you, he wants you to head over to the crime scene immediately, sir."

"Cut the sir shit kid, just call me James or Hoffman."

"Yes si- Hoffman, sir. Sorry. Okay James."

"Now go tell the chief I'm busy and send Reyes to take pictures for me. I'll head over there when I can."

The recruit's eyes widened and he began to tremble.

"What's your name, kid?"

"Tony, sir. Tony Winters."

"Alright Tony, listen up. Chief's got a big bark but little bite. He can come talk to me himself if it's this urgent. You're not a fuckin dog."

Before Tony could say anything more, James shut the door in his face and sat back down. He pushed the SD card into his laptop and opened the file explorer, clicking through files until he found the videos. He scrolled to the bottom and found two thumbnails that looked like they were from inside the field house, as opposed to the football field where all of the other videos were filmed.

He took a deep breath, wondering how much he was going to regret watching the video. He double clicked it and the first frame opened full screen with a large play button in the middle. He examined the scene, groaning when he realized it was footage of two boys butt fucking. He rubbed his brow and pressed the play button. A third boy entered the screen, his silhouette was all that was visible. He held his hand up and began counting down.

Five. The boy doing the fucking put his foot on the bench the other kid was chewing on. Four. The kid getting fucked arched his ass higher into the air to accommodate the butt fucker's new angle of attack. Three. The boy

standing behind the homos took a step closer, the ax in his hand glinted as it dropped lower in his grip. Two. The boy who was balls deep pulled his cock out of the other kid's ass and started stroking it. One. The kid getting his asshole pounded giggled and moaned as the other boy came all over his back.

The camera's light lit up the room and took all of the mystery from the scene he was watching. Tommy's bloody shit-covered cock throbbed as his head rolled back. James wretched as he watched his son shake his ass as cum spurted into his hair, up his neck, and all over his back while blood dribbled from his gaped asshole.

James screamed when he watched the third boy, someone he recognized but struggled to remember from where, curb stomp his son. His vision blurred as he watched Adrian slam his bare foot into the back of his son's head over and over until the bone shattered and his foot disappeared into the pulpy mess of Devin's brains. He threw the laptop from his desk. The screen shattered and went black but the audio kept playing. He threw up while listening to Tommy scream and the other boy laugh. He thought he heard a girl laughing too.

Scenes from the morning crashed through his mind as he tried to ignore the audio from the killings that still played on his broken laptop. Suddenly he remembered who the boy was.

Adrian Myers was stone faced when he arrived on scene at the boy's house. The officers that responded to the 9-1-1 call from Nancy had to fight to subdue the ridiculously strong boy but once they had him pinned, he calmed down almost immediately. Adrian was covered in blood. Streaks ran down his bloody cheeks from where hot tears rolled from his eyes. There was an unmistakable hatred burning in the black pits of his pupils. James had done all he could to get Adrian to speak but he just shook his head or nodded to all of the questions. There wasn't much to go off of. It was obvious that the domestic squabble had escalated between Nancy and Chris Myers, and their son Adrian was the witness. The case was open and shut in record time. Adrian would be turning eighteen soon enough, they decided to leave him be instead of subjecting him to the system for less than a year.

James stomped repeatedly on the laptop until the audio finally stopped. He yanked the SD card from the destroyed computer and put it in the bag along with the camera. He was doing his best to ignore the incessant knocking at his door but finally he threw it open before sitting back down.

"What the fuck do you want, Tony?"

He wiped the tears from his eyes and tried to not allow any more through as Tony entered his office.

"Are you okay sir? The entire building heard you scream and there was a loud crash. What was tha- oh shit. What happened to your laptop?"

"I need some fuckin space. With all due respect, get the fuck out."

Tony turned and hurried from the room. James watched him go and saw the faces of the other officers peeking over their cubicles in his direction. He flung the door shut and grabbed his phone, dialing Kelly's number once more. He took several deep breaths to calm his nerves and hit the call button.

"I can't get ahold of Devin, why did you need to talk to him so badly?"

"Devin is dead."

"That's not fucking funny James. Why-"

"Kelly. I'm not joking. I need you to come in as soon as you can. Our son is dead."

Each time he said the word, he had to fight from throwing up again. Tears stung his eyes as he tried to compose himself.

"That fucking kid killed our boy."

"What kid? Who? James- What the fuck is going on?"

"Just get down here god damnit! The Myers kid. Adrian or whatever. Just- fuckin hurry!"

He hung up the phone and fell back into his chair, allowing the tears once more to flow down his cheeks. He bent over with his elbows on his knees and cried.

"All units, a teenage male has been spotted entering the Jacobson Mill Yard, he is covered in blood and appears to be armed with a large knife. Closest units please respond."

James checked his holster to make sure he had his gun. He reached down into the bottom drawer and produced a flask from behind his box of gloves. He downed the rest of the amber liquid and dropped it to the floor. When he opened his door, Chief Glover was standing in his way. He shoved past his superior and ignored the man as he yelled for him to stop.

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CHAPTER 28

Adrian emerged from the forest and made his way into his home. He went straight for the envelope he had left on his desk and folded it in half then stuck it in his back pocket. He dropped his backpack onto his bed and dug through it to find the bloody chef's knife. He carried it with the blade pointing down as he walked the length of his driveway, heading for the mill yard.

Something he thought about more than anything else was how he was going to kill Fred Jacobson one day. The man who held partial responsibility for his dad's descent into the monster he became continued to run his business as if nothing had ever happened. Adrian fucking hated him.

After the past few days, he felt like there was no better time than the present to make his move. He stomped down the road towards the main street as the sun beat upon him. His neighbors screamed when they saw the gore-soaked boy coming. He smiled and brandished the knife in return, making a show of his insanity.

The mill yard was less than a mile from his home, but he could hear sirens approaching as he got closer to the compound. He didn't want to risk failure, and thus began to run.

His feet hurt as they bounced off of the pavement, every step felt agonizing. It wasn't until now that he really started to feel the exhaustion spread through his body. It was almost over, he was nearly done. He pushed through the pain.

When he rounded the corner and jogged through the gates of the mill yard, he heard workers and customers yelling. The sirens grew louder as he made his way to the temporary building at the back of the property. He knew that is where he would find The Rat.

His heart was pounding when he got to the steps. He could hear the cop cars skidding to a halt in the gravel of the parking area as he tried the handle, it was locked. He stepped back and kicked at the door. It didn't budge. He could hear the footsteps of the officers behind him as he tried again.

"What is the meaning of this?"

The demand came from within the room he was trying to enter.

Adrian kicked with all his might and was relieved when the door flew off its hinges on his second attempt.

The single room building was messy. There were stacks of binders and files on the table in the middle. On the far end, sitting in a lounge chair in the back corner, was Fred. Between his legs, the old secretary was on her knees. Her deflated and wrinkled tits were out and she had drool running down her chin. The decrepit old man still had his palm on the back of her head when Adrian came bursting into the room.

The woman screamed when she saw the bloody boy holding a knife. He advanced upon her, almost lazily, as she hastily tried to cover her exposed chest with her liver spotted hands. Adrian reared back and planted a front kick in the center of her face. Her nose shattered instantly. Blood sprayed in every direction as her head snapped backwards. Her dentures shot to the back of her throat. She spasmed and tried to scream as she fought to reach into her destroyed mouth and pull the false teeth from her windpipe. Her veins bulged as she asphyxiated.

Adrian didn't stop to watch her expire. Fred was fumbling with a drawer as his erect cock withered to a flaccid jumble of pubes and wrinkles. The old man finally got the metal drawer open and pulled a .44 Magnum out, squeezing the trigger before he had it aimed. The explosion left Adrian's ears ringing but he didn't bother checking to see if he was hit.

"What the hell do you want?"

The old man demanded an explanation just before Adrian plunged the knife into his gut. He gasped through gritted teeth as the boy pulled the blade out and slammed it back into his soft leathery flesh again and again.

"What, don’t you recognize Chris Myers’ son? I’m all grown up now!”

He pulled the blade out and licked the foul bloody steel while Fred tried to plug the holes in his gut with his hands. The incisions were too large, his internal organs starting to fall from the mess of stab wounds. He gurgled indiscernibly as Adrian leered at him.

“You know, revenge is just as sweet as they say.”

Adrian spit blood into the old man’s face.

“Time to die, you miserable old rat.”

He pushed the blade of the knife up to Fred’s throat. The door once again burst open behind him as he sawed the knife from side to side as if he was cutting into a gamey piece of steak. Blood sluiced from the expanding gash, accompanied by rattling breaths that faded to nothing as the old man let out a long, wet, shit-laced fart.

When he entered the room, Detective Hoffman reeled from the flashbacks of his morning. Although the destruction was far from as severe as what had transpired back at the school, the meager spatterings of blood were only a foreshadowing of what the gore-covered teenager was truly capable of.

"Adrian! Drop the fucking knife!"

He recognized the voice immediately. It belonged to the detective who showed up when his parents killed each other.

“Oh, hey Hoffman. It’s been a while. I hope you’re well.”

Adrian dropped the knife, but didn’t bother putting his hands up. He reached into his waistband and carefully produced the gun from Ms. Kunst's office. Behind him, he could hear the detective making his way through the room.

“What the hell did you do, Adrian? What the fuck is all of this?”

Adrian smiled and gave Fred “The Rat” Jacobson a wink as he brought the gun up to his mouth.

“I came up with a motto and decided to live by it.”

“So you mean to tell me that this mess you’ve made is just a byproduct of you getting philosophical, huh? Well, let’s hear it then. Humor me.”

Adrian pulled the hammer back on the pistol. It made a clicking noise. Hoffman’s advance stopped abruptly. When he spoke, his voice was shaky.

“Adrian, do you have a gun? Don’t give me a fucking reason to shoot you because I will gladly pull this fucking trigger."

Adrian chuckled.

“I thought you wanted to hear my motto, Hoffman?”

“Don’t get fucking cute with me kid. I’ll put a fucking bullet right through your goddamned skull.”

“Life’s short, Hoffman, seek revenge.”

The gunshot brought with it a loud ringing and cold emptiness in the confines of the office. Hoffman’s initial reaction was to close his eyes, but his training kicked in and he opened them a split second later. He patted himself down, searching for an entry wound while his ears rang. The immense throbbing in the left side of his head sent his gut into his asshole. He felt the hot blood as it dribbled down the side of his head. He reached up and realized he hadn’t been shot, but his ear drum exploded. It was nothing compared to the damage the gunshot caused to Adrian.

When he had arrived, the room was mildly decorated with blood from floor to ceiling. After Adrian brought the gun to his mouth and pulled the trigger, it was as if the room was painted red. Hoffman’s vision shifted in and out of focus, making the red walls throb with the pulse of his own beating heart. He looked at where Adrian had been standing just a moment before. He lowered his gun and put it in his holster. He took a few breaths before looking down at where he knew he would find Adrian’s headless corpse.

Adrian had fallen to his knees before keeling over onto his side. The top of his head was missing, his tongue flopped out, and in the place of his skull was a mutilated pile of pink and red. His cranium was all over the ceiling and walls. Shards of bone fragments peppered Hoffman’s exposed flesh. Blood and gelatinous chunks of brain further decorated the shocked detective and the room around him. He knelt down by Adrian and grabbed the barrel of the revolver to remove it from the headless teen’s grasp. It was hot to the touch. He opened the cylinder and tipped it up so that the bullets would fall out. Only one piping hot casing landed in the palm of his hand.

“You sick little fucker.”

Hoffman patted Adrian’s corpse down. He pulled the folded, bloody envelope from the dead body’s back pocket and stared at the words written in all caps with a large permanent marker. “TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN” stared back at him.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I'm all sorts of fucked up. I'm terrified. I'm lost, and I'm alone. I have nobody but the girl in my bed and the sad truth is that just like the rest of you, she doesn't give a single fuck about me. I would have given anything to turn back time and get the loving family back that I grew up with. Unfortunately, that's not how the world works.

I could have been different. If someone, *anyone*, would have taken the time to stand in my corner and help me through the Hell I've endured, I could have been good. My mother was the closest thing I'll ever have to someone who cared, but she was aware of the abuse and did nothing to help me either. She found the broom that my dad used to sodomize me, she didn't even confront him about it. She pretended it didn't exist and then left again to go work in another city.

Why didn't you take me too, mom? Why couldn't we have run away together? I needed you, and you left me with a literal fucking demon.

There was a chance for things to change when I met Kendra. This new girl was fascinated in me. She saw what I was and wasn't afraid, but she only ever cared because she got off on the pain I suffered. If only she was genuine. Maybe I could have been different. Maybe I could have been normal.

She found me in a hole and reached in to pull me out. If only I saw what her intentions were, maybe I could have been saved. The girl who I thought was sent to finally save me ended up being the one who put the final nail in my coffin. Although, she is not alone.

I have been ridiculed, tormented and bullied. I've been sodomized, beaten, and harassed. Worst of all, I have been ignored. Teachers, students, parents, police; nobody stood up and questioned what the hell was wrong. Why couldn't any of you have just given me a chance? What was so wrong with me that nobody felt compelled to be my friend? Ask if I was okay or what was wrong? Am I truly so undeserving of love?

I don't know what I could have done to change the course of my life. I wish I could take it all back. I wish I could have somehow been more approachable. I am a kid… I'm lost and alone and have nobody to turn to but I shouldn't have to seek help because I'm just a fucking kid. How am I supposed to grow and be better if nobody even recognizes the obvious signs that something is so seriously wrong?

Everyone in this fucking town knows my name. You all know my story, but none of you reached out to help. You recoiled when I came around. You made fun of me for the world I lived in. You sat by idly and allowed the abuse to continue. You have all been a witness to my downfall, and thus have directly participated in it.

I wasn't born this way, I didn't want to become what I am. I was beaten and broken then rebuilt into what you all forced me to be.

I was made a monster, and now I intend to act as one.

Life's short, seek revenge.

Adrian Meyers

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The writing of this novel has been one hell of a ride that could have never been accomplished all on my own. First and foremost, the person who inspired me to take writing on should be acknowledged. While I have always sort of dabbled in writing short stories, I never considered trying to become a published author until I met a dude named Joseph Murnane in the Books of Horror group on Facebook. I have always sent him half-baked random ideas that were more or less outlines of much larger projects. While he encouraged me to continue to work at it, I got distracted and laid the ideas to rest. When I saw that he had published his first novel (It Eats Your Hunger – which is incredible by the way), I decided that maybe I should give it another go.

For months, I had nothing. That all changed when I met Marlea Rose. Shortly after we began dating, I started telling her about idea's I'd had to write books. We buddy read all the time and she told me to quit talking about it and just fucking do it already… so I did. Without her pushing me to just give it my best shot, this book would never have been written. She has been incredibly supportive of my crazy dream(s) and has always pushed me to do what I want and seek success in any way I can. She sat through grueling hours of me reading this abomination out loud (fumbling every other word) from start to finish through multiple iterations. She anxiously watched the road from the passenger seat on multiple six hour long car rides while listening to me yap about Adrian and Kendra. When I say I literally could not have done this without her, I mean it.

When I had wrapped up the writing of this novel, my first draft was a mess. I needed to reel it in, quickly. That's where my Beta readers came through for me. Marlea Rose, Kalynn Cossollotto, Tony Splatterpunk, Emily Haynes, Emily Flemming, Bambi Ortiz, Tanya Mari, and Molly Noel were nothing short of awesome when going through the first draft edits of Made a Monster. They offered solid criticisms and words of encouragement that kept me engaged and moving forward. I put them through hell with multiple endings and a few rewrites but they had my back and for that, I am beyond grateful.

They always say to never judge a book by its cover. I agree with the sentiment but also, I mean.. COME ON! LOOK AT THIS COVER! Tony Diaz (@ripe_mind on IG, follow this man) took a really rough looking sketch and turned it into something incredible. When I first set eyes on it, I was quite honestly speechless. While hyping up my guy, I need to issue a special thank you to his wife and one of my favorite people, Kalynn. When life kicked me in the balls a few years ago you encouraged me to follow my passion and dive head first into the world of horror. You've supported my descent into madness and have clapped excitedly as I continue to fall into this endless void of fucking awesomeness. You're a real one. Cheers, ya twisted fuck!

Of course, no book should ever be published without being edited first! This is an incredibly crucial step and one that simply cannot be avoided. Draw a cover in paint if you have to save money but for the love of all that is good, please do not skip the editor! I did some looking around at different options and I can't really explain why, but I was drawn to Meriah Gutterson. Meriah from Marked Up Editing coached me through how the process would work, and helped make me feel incredibly comfortable as I passed my baby into her tender arms. She told me everything was going to be alright, and she was of course, correct. She is an absolute joy to work with and I cannot recommend her enough! The process was smooth sailing from start to finish and we clicked like old pals. It was like she climbed into my mind and read my thoughts with every markup she had. Together we dialed it in quickly and the whole time it was an absolute blast.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rob is from a small town called McKinleyville, located in Humboldt County, California. His interests include working on and driving race cars, wakeboarding, surfing, and playing video games. He has always wanted to become an author but was never sure on where exactly to start. One day he finally decided to simply put words to paper. Horror has always been a major fascination, something about things that go bump in the night can really spike one's adrenaline. It wasn't until quite recently that Rob dove into the world of splatterpunk and extreme horror. Upon its discovery, he finally felt like his ideas had a place where they could truly take residence.

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